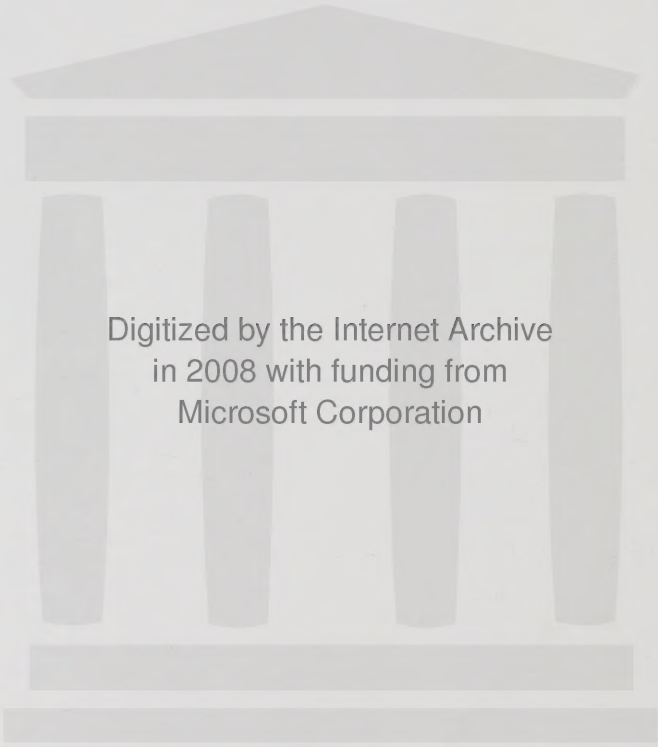
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Vol IV No 47, DECEMBER, 1919.

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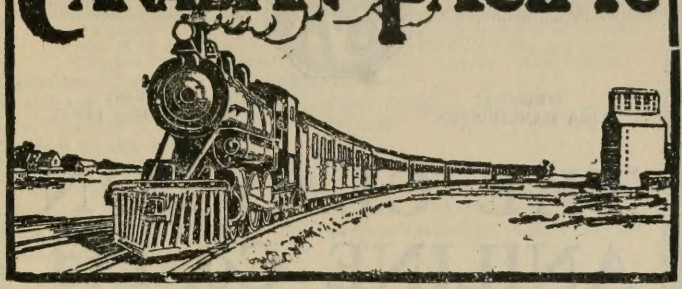

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

My Monthly Letter—E. W. 27

The Eleventh Hour of the Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month; Our National Expenditure; What the Ordinary Man Feels; Sir Valentine Chirol on Egypt; John Bull "Doing His Bit"; Paying Our Debts; Pros and Cons of Capital Levy; Premium Bonds Popular; A Word of Warning; The Municipal Elections; What Shoreditch Teaches Us; Men Who See Visions; Pearls and Pigsties; "Ordinary People's" Children; The "Perpetual Youth" Danger; London Traffic Problems.

Christmas Carols—R. Vaughan Williams 37
Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League Page 42
The Plumage Trade—H. J. Massingham 43
Tribute to the Old Country 46
The Indestructible Christmas—Harold Begbie 47
How British Brains Triumphed in the War—W. Beach Thomas 49
Christmas Overseas—Captain F. A. M. Webster 52
A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier 55
Young Immigrants 58
The Seers of Bethlehem—H. d. V. 59
O.S. News from Headquarters—H. D. 61
The Overseas War Memorial—E. W. 69
Burma's Appeal to the British Democracy 72
From a Woman's Standpoint 75
My Month's Reading—A. St. John Adcock 78
Dress in the New Era 81
The Best Way 83
The Overseas Forum 85
An Imperial Exchange of Teachers 90
The Overseas Trade Bureau 91
Empire Building: The Work of Our Comrades' Correspondence Branch 93
Overseas Employment and Information Bureau 95
Members' Exchange 99

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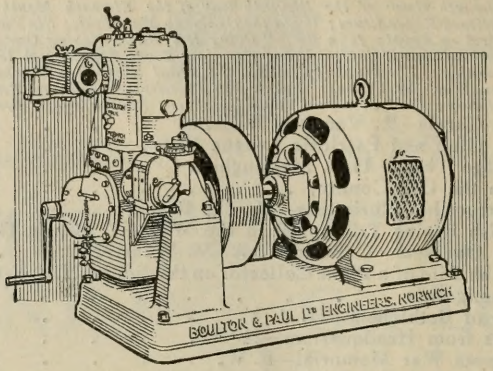

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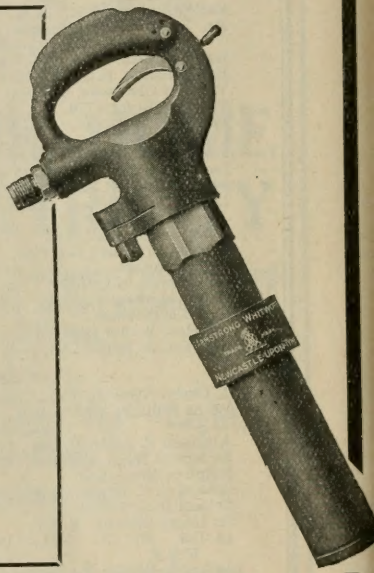

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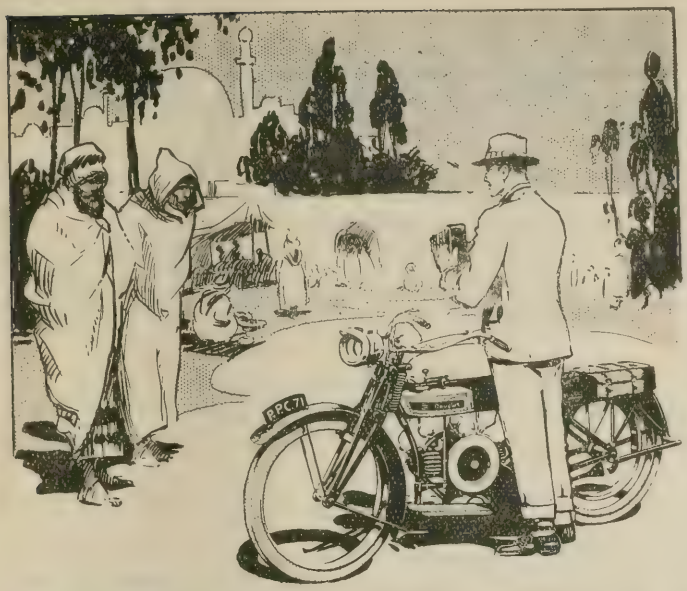

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Vol. IV. No. 47. December, 1919.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "OVERSEAS"

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

My Monthly Letter.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR OF THE ELEVENTH DAY OF THE ELEVENTH MONTH.—Eleven a.m. on November 11th, 1919, will long live in the memories of all who were in London for the first anniversary of Armistice Day. The King's idea of paying homage to the Glorious Dead by keeping a two-minute silence for prayer and remembrance was adopted in all parts of the British Empire, but nowhere can it have been more affecting than in London. I looked out of my office window on to the ceaseless stream of traffic in the Strand a couple of minutes before 11, and then as soon as the first maroon was heard the whole throbbing life of the great city came to a standstill. Every vehicle stopped where it was in the street; every foot-passenger stood still; men's hats were raised; women's heads were bowed; soldiers and sailors stood at attention. Not a sound from down below except the tolling of the church bells and the maroons! The heart of the Empire stood still, and for two brief minutes we unlocked the chambers of our soul and remembered the great departed. One had hardly the time to begin to concentrate, to try to focus the depths of one's being, in this act of homage, when, as if by magic, this city of the dead came to life. The buses and vans restarted, the men put on their hats, and within thirty seconds the Strand looked as usual. But the memory of those two minutes is still with us, and there are many who hope that this silent tribute will be repeated on every succeeding November 11th.

OUR NATIONAL EXPENDITURE.—During the past few months many gallons of printer's ink must have been consumed in dealing with the precarious state of the nation's finances. Indeed, there is hardly a journalist or publicist of repute who has not aired his views on the subject since Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons in August. As regards the urgent need for drastic

My Monthly Letter.

economy there is no question. We are all agreed on that point. Despite the reductions which have already been made, vast sums are being wasted by the Government, and a yet further liberal use of the blue pencil is essential. Many of our Government departments are still overstaffed, and the War Office is not the least of the offenders. According to the Press, 167 red-tabbed major-generals are "carrying on," a year after the Armistice, at the taxpayers' expense. A scandalous waste, and many instances of a similar kind could be given.

Budgets on our pre-war scale will of course never return ; and unless recourse is made to some form of capital levy, it is difficult to see how the nation's expenditure can be reduced much below a thousand millions. War pensions alone account for £120,000,000, and it will be many years before this sum automatically ceases. At the moment the fighting services account for over £600,000,000, and £350,000,000 is required to pay interest on the National Debt, and it is on these items unquestionably that the attention of the average citizen will be fixed. The nation is in no mood to squander hundreds of millions on armaments, and the Government's expenditure of £100,000,000 in Russia during the past year has come in for much criticism.

WHAT THE ORDINARY MAN FEELS.—The feelings of many Britons are, I take it, somewhat as follows :—"The British Empire largely contributed to the defeat of Germany and to the bringing of the War to a successful conclusion. We now want to get back to real peace all round as soon as possible, so that we can build the new world we have all been talking about. We have no quarrel with the Russian people as a whole, and we have no desire to mix ourselves up with their internal affairs. Even if all the things were true which have been said about the Bolshevists, and however much we may abhor the crimes which have been committed, why should the overloaded British taxpayer squander millions in picking the chestnuts out of the fire for the Russian people? We Britons have got quite enough of the world's troubles on our shoulders."

Till we are able to arrive at some kind of a settlement which is fair to all sections of the Irish people we have got 60,000 British troops with all the paraphernalia of war in Ireland, another very heavy financial tax. Then there is India, where we are pledged by the Government's pronouncement in the House of Commons two years ago that our goal there is "the granting of responsible government within the Empire to the Indian people," by no means a small task, and one which, if we can carry it to a successful issue, will be one of the greatest political feats in the world's history.

SIR VALENTINE CHIROL ON EGYPT.—And coming nearer home, all is not well with Egypt. Ever since the days of Lord Cromer

OVERSEAS

My Monthly Letter.

British policy in the land of the Pharaohs has been vacillating, and if we had gone out of our way to play into the hands of the extremists we could not have done it better. To straighten out the Egyptian tangle will require every ounce of energy which we can spare for foreign affairs. *The Times* has performed a great public service in printing a series of most illuminating articles by Sir Valentine Chirol on the present state of Egypt. No Englishman is better qualified to speak on the subject, for his knowledge of Egyptian affairs goes back to the days of Arabi's revolt and the early days of Sir Evelyn Baring's administration. We can all subscribe to Sir Valentine's opinion that what Egypt wants more than anything else is a clear statement as to British policy and what the British Protectorate really means.

JOHN BULL "DOING HIS BIT."—Let us be quite frank with ourselves. In whose interest are we in Egypt? If we mean well by the Egyptian people, as I sincerely believe we do, then the sooner we proclaim our intentions the better. If the goal of British policy in India is the granting of responsible government within the Empire, then we must apply the same principles to Egypt and help the people of Egypt to the best of our ability along the path of self-government. Undoubtedly one of the problems which are exercising a disturbing effect on Egyptian opinion is the fact that the British Government is prepared to recognise the independence of the King of the Hedjaz. From the Egyptian standpoint Egypt is just as well fitted for self-government as Arabia. It will be no easy task after the events of the past twelve months to make the Egyptian people realise that a splendid destiny awaits them in the future, when they are ready for it, as a self-governing unit within the British commonwealth of nations. And before turning our thoughts homewards, to the long list of matters demanding urgent attention, we must recollect that we have got definite responsibilities as regards the future of Mesopotamia. Exactly what form of government is to be established in Irak?

A Novel Driver's Seat. The Kerry people do not believe in wasting physical effort, and are the only people who have managed to devise a seat while transporting a load of turf. This is simply a board thrust through the load with the end sticking out. Sent by the Rt. Hon. F. Wrench.

OVERSEAS

My Monthly Letter.

John Bull is surely carrying more than his share of the white man's burden. And beyond India, Egypt and Mesopotamia we have very definite responsibilities over against Persia—especially since the signing of the new Anglo-Persian agreement—and in Afghanistan. Indeed, our troubles with Afghanistan are by no means over, and to straighten out the relationship of the Government of India and the wily Ameer will require an abnormal amount of firmness, diplomacy and knowledge of Oriental potentates and their ways.

But to deal fully with all the Empire's problems in the Middle East would require much more space than I am able to devote to them in "Overseas." It will be seen, therefore, that when a growing body of public opinion on account of liabilities elsewhere fights shy of Russian adventures, it has very legitimate grounds for its attitude.

PAYING OUR DEBTS.—These few remarks on British foreign policy show how closely interwoven it is with national expenditure, and that, in view of our commitments in Africa and Asia, there is every need for the curtailment of effort elsewhere. In returning to our Budget, we find that second to the cost of the fighting services comes the one item of £350,000,000 interest on national debt. This is a terrible mill-stone round our necks, and if we wish to get the national balance sheet on to a sound basis, we shall have to do something about it. Lord Rothermere and others, who are calling for drastic economy and urging the expropriation of all war fortunes, think that the most satisfactory way of dealing with the situation is to tax all existing capital values, allowing each taxpayer to deduct from the amount of his present property the amount which he owned on August 1st, 1914. On the other hand, there are very many who believe that sooner or later we shall have to make a capital levy to discharge some of our war debts. Lord Robert Cecil, who is generally recognised as one of our sanest leaders, has associated himself with Mr. Clynes in demanding an inquiry on the whole problem of a capital levy.

"To sequester war fortunes" makes a good electioneering cry, and it is one with which we all sympathise, but putting it into practice would be by no means an easy matter. And even if it were possible, is there any reason why those who have accumulated great wealth from urban land values, without any corresponding service to the State, should escape while the hard-working manufacturers who have made war fortunes through the expenditure of brains and energy should alone be mulcted? As the *New Statesman* remarks:—"Moreover, who is likely to put his surplus capital to the most productive use—Mr. John Brown, who organised a successful aeroplane factory and made a fortune out of it, or the Duke of Southboro', who owns a watering-place and the royalties of a coalfield?"

OVERSEAS

My Monthly Letter.

PROS AND CONS OF CAPITAL LEVY.—Every belligerent country excepting the United States is faced with this urgent problem, and all of them will sooner or later have to make some kind of a levy on capital, whether on war-time accumulations or not, if they wish to put their finances on a sound basis. It is interesting to record the steps which Germany is taking to meet the situation. In addition to heavy death duties and income tax, she has introduced a capital levy ranging from 10 per cent. on estates of £2,500 up to 65 per cent. on that proportion of any estate which exceeds £350,000. We shall doubtless hear much more of this subject during the next few months. Whatever our views may be, we would do well to study carefully the steps other countries are taking to face a similar problem to that which is confronting us.

Perhaps the chief argument against the tax on war profits is that it will not produce a sufficient sum. Lord Beaverbrook, its chief sponsor, estimates that it will produce 1,000 millions, which seems a small sum in comparison with our national debt of 8,000 millions. The problem before the nations is how to raise a very large sum "with a minimum of injury to the productive capacity of the country." What the property-owning classes will have to decide in the long run is whether they prefer a crippling income tax or a sudden call on capital which will enable the nation to cancel many of its obligations.

PREMIUM BONDS POPULAR.—A great deal of publicity has been devoted by the Press to the question of Premium Bonds, and a very large section of the public is in favour of this form of investment. The line of argument adopted by the votaries of Premium Bonds is somewhat as follows. Undoubtedly a great wave of speculating is passing over the country, in addition to which at all times 90 per cent. of the population dearly likes "a flutter." Witness the British love of racing. This love of speculation is a human trait, and why should it not be utilised for the benefit of the nation as a whole? The matter was brought to a crux the other day when the terms of the French £2,000,000,000 Lottery loan were announced. British investors have been inundating their banks

[*Daily Mail.*

The last State lottery in Great Britain was held in 1826. This is how the Government of the day advertised it.

My Monthly Letter.

with demands for details of the loan. Why should all this British money leave the country, ask the champions of Premium Bonds ? If the Government would only institute Premium Bonds, offering the sporting chance of obtaining large prizes, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have no cause to grumble at the result. So say those who demand Premium Bonds, and probably from the material standpoint their arguments are not to be gainsayed. But there is another side, and I am by no means convinced that the highest interests of the State are being served by pandering to what is, after all, a human weakness.

A WORD OF WARNING.—Just one word more before leaving the question of our national finances, and that a note of warning. While we may all of us urgently approve of economy, we would do well not to lose our sense of proportion. There are some things in which, if we are true to our vision, we will never tolerate economy. There must be no curtailing the grants to be devoted to education and housing. Any statesman who asks us to "save" by withholding educational reforms, including the better payment of teachers, and by refusing to proceed with the long overdue housing campaign is betraying the nation. What shall it profit a nation, even if it accumulate vast stores of share certificates and bars of gold, if it permits its greatest asset, the children, to be reared in murky hovels and turned out into the world with but a smattering of knowledge ? We will have nothing to do with false prophets such as these.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—One of the outstanding events of the past month has unquestionably been the great increase in the number of Labour members returned in the Municipal elections in London and throughout the provinces. A veritable landslide of the forces opposed to Labour has taken place, and in many constituencies which have never had any Labour councillors, Labour has now an actual majority. The prophets foretold a great accretion to the strength of Labour, but few expected how great it would be.

The Labour Party's programme is a somewhat ambitious one, and aims at extending municipal trading in bread, meat, milk, and coal, and labour proposes that the London County Council should own its own dairy, stock, and poultry farms. It boldly demands the municipalisation of motor-buses, tubes and taxi cabs, while municipal theatres, concerts and cinemas are also within its aspirations. Certainly none of us can complain at any lack of imagination on the part of the framers of the Labour Party's programme !

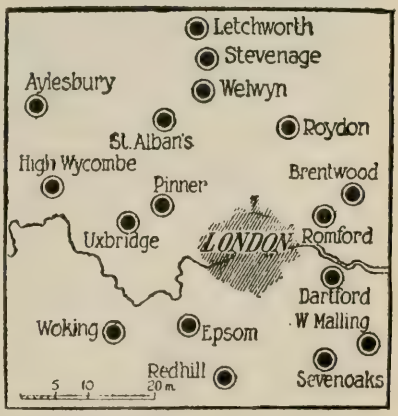
There are two explanations of the result of the election. Firstly, the apathy of the average citizen towards municipal affairs. Quite frankly they bore him. The man-in-the-street much prefers a

parliamentary election when he has the excitement of voting on such interesting subjects as the "hanging of the Kaiser" or "making Germany pay," but none of your parish-pump for him. Secondly, the fact that the so-called working classes are beginning to take their local politics seriously, and they are the chief sufferers from the existing system which has tolerated slums, and which permits the appalling social injustices of our big cities. Henceforth there will be no apathy in our local politics, unless I am mistaken, on the part of the worker and his wife. He is determined to hasten the day when no citizen shall be asked to live under conditions the mere thought of which makes our blood boil.

WHAT SHOREDITCH TEACHES US.—Whatever our politics, we must all admit that the present state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. Think over these figures, they will give the clue to the unrest of the toilers in our big cities. Hampstead, which represents the average well-to-do section of the community, has a death rate of 14·3 per 1,000 ; in Shoreditch, a typical East end district, it is 24·2. Of every thousand babies born, 163 die in Shoreditch to Lewisham's 72. In other words, those of us who by accident of birth happen to belong to the well-to-do classes have twice as good a chance of life as the majority of our fellow-citizens, who under existing conditions are compelled to eke out their lives in the dingy and mean streets of our big cities. Can we wonder, then, that the worker is determined that such things shall not be ? And you, my readers, who live under sunny skies, and who have your daily quota of light and good air, would you do otherwise if you were in his shoes ?

MEN WHO SEE VISIONS.—But thank God there are among us those whose lives are not consecrated to the mad scramble for wealth. There are splendid men and women who see visions, and what is more, their visions come true. Sixteen years ago Ebenezer Howard's dream of a Garden City took shape and Letchworth was the result. Now with all the experience derived from Letchworth, Mr. Howard comes along with the details of a New Town, the second garden city to be built among the smiling meadows of Hertfordshire in Welwyn Valley, not twenty miles from London. The idea of those interested in the movement is that sooner or later London will

A GIRDLE OF GARDENS.



Where the Organisers of the Garden City Movement hope to carry out their ideas in the near future. Letchworth is already built and Welwyn will be started this spring.

My Monthly Letter.

be surrounded by a group of garden cities, of about 40,000 population, but each with its own corporate life. Let Ebenezer Howard tell the story in his own words :—" If a thriving town of 40,000 inhabitants—without a slum in it—a town bathed in pure fresh air —a town of gardens—a town surrounded by a broad green belt—so that it shall be ' town and country too '—a town the freehold of which will ere long be the property of the people who have for the most part come pouring out of gloomy quarters in our great overgrown metropolis—a town within easy 'bus or cycle ride of London —so that all may see it and learn the secret of its growth—if a town like this can be well begun within a year, and completed within three or four years (as it can and ought to be), who can doubt that the nation will recognise that the long talked-of work of reconstruction has actually commenced, and that England will once again lead the nations in freedom and prosperity ?

" With every confidence I look to my friends in the Garden City movement to help this great cause at this its initial stage."

PEARLS AND PIGSTIES.—Some worthy citizens are delighted at the announcement that a pearl necklace estimated to be worth £300,000 is to appear in one of our leading sale-rooms at an early date. For, from their standpoint, does not this imply that London is asserting its pre-eminence as the leading mart in the world for the disposal of jewels ? Probably they are right, but what of it ? Is there very much food for gratification in senseless waste of this kind ? Surely those of us who love London dearly, feel like hanging our heads when we read to what lengths modern society is prepared to go. Not that I wish to imply that other great cities are not just as bad, but then London's reputation is our affair.

From our standpoint the pearls may go to the auction rooms of Paris or New York, and we shall not heave a sigh, for in the background of our minds is the spectre of long rows of dreary hovels, in which our poor live. That £300,000 would keep 1,500 families in decency for a whole year. It will be time enough to think about pearl necklaces when every pigsty in the land inhabited by our poorer brothers and sisters is pulled down. Lest some friends may think us visionary, let us end up in a practical note. As a start let us insist that every house in our large cities shall have plentiful and cheap electric lighting and a supply of hot water. These two factors alone would mean a revolution in the drab lives of countless thousands.

" ORDINARY PEOPLE'S " CHILDREN.—Quite a *furore* has been created by the statement of the chairman of the Middlesex County Education Committee that the Middlesex County School for Girls should be reserved for " ordinary people's " children and not for the children of the well-to-do. This is how it all came

My Monthly Letter.

about. Dr. Addison, who is a Cabinet Minister, stated that in his opinion the said girls' school was the best in the district, and consequently he has sent his daughter there, as he is, of course, perfectly entitled to do, as a ratepayer. But snobbery dies hard, and there have been many who stated that the county's school should be reserved for the children of the "ordinary people," and the children of the well-to-do should go elsewhere. Few readers of "Overseas" will have any sympathy with this kind of snobbery which belongs to another age and should have no place in the twentieth century—a snobbery which seeks to keep human society stratified differs only in degree from the Indian caste system. In many parts of the Empire, in the United States and elsewhere, all the children, whatever their parentage, go to the same school. In the new world we are creating, our schools will be of the very best, but they must be within the reach of every boy and girl in our land, "cook's son, duke's son, son of a belted earl" must have an equal chance at the outset of life's battle. Dr. Addison deserves the congratulations of all of us for showing that he is ready for his daughter to learn her lessons with the children of "ordinary people." So many of us talk Brotherhood nowadays, but how few are helping along the dawn of the new day when every little mite on reaching school age shall have the same advantages which you and I enjoyed!

THE "PERPETUAL YOUTH" DANGER.—Wizards in search of the elixir of perpetual youth have been with us in all ages, and the latest is a distinguished Russian doctor in Paris who claims to have found a possible key. Dr. Voronoff has been explaining to the French Surgical Congress his process of surgical grafting. He has been experimenting with he-goats in a state of senile decay and finds that by grafting upon them "interstitial glands" they recover some of their youthful vigour. The learned professor now proposes to extend his operations to the human race by taking the interstitial glands of young apes and grafting them upon us. But

Miss Peggy Fisher, the brave girl "Land V.C.," who saved her future husband from being gored to death by a bull by attacking it with a pitchfork. The wedding took place the other day and was a most picturesque ceremony.

My Monthly Letter.

what horrible prospects this grafting business opens up! Would not most of us prefer to face the terrors of old age without the assistance of any of the ape tribe? The ready pen of a Bernard Shaw would be required to do justice to the vision of what might be the lot of our superior humanity under such conditions. This "monkey-youth" might induce an undesirable friskiness on the part of our elders. Old men with young faces and tired brains would be a frequent phenomenon. And even if the professor manages to restore some vigour to exhausted frames, what about the renovation of the mind? What process of grafting would effect it. No, decidedly no, Dr. Voronoff, please return to the he-goats and leave us mortals in peace.

LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEMS.—The Government has done well to call in the valuable assistance of Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., in its effort to help us through the traffic tangle into which we have got in London. Mr. Jones' logical mind, his great knowledge of business organisation and his grasp of detail, are assets which have been placed at the service of the community as Chairman of the Committee which has been studying the problem, and fortunately for us they are to remain at our disposal. All roads lead to "the Bank," and sooner or later every main traffic artery has to go through a narrow section, so that the simile of the "neck of a bottle," which Mr. Jones employed to me, is a very appropriate one. Various solutions are suggested of dealing with the problem, and undoubtedly some new main roads will have to be constructed in outer London, but the only way of relieving the congestion at the heart of the city is a much more difficult matter.

The new omnibus which is now on the London streets. It holds 46 passengers instead of the previous 34. This is managed by shortening the bonnet of the bus and having the driver's seat further forward.

Readers of "Overseas" will recall with interest that "K. J."—as Mr. Jones is known to his friends—is a very old supporter of the O.S. cause and his Membership number is in the first dozen. So here's to "K. J.," and may his efforts to speed-up London traffic be crowned with success.

E. W.

Christmas Carols

By R. Vaughan Williams

[Mr. R. Vaughan Williams, who was born in 1872, is one of the most distinguished English composers at present living. Our musical readers will need no reminding of his three Norfolk Rhapsodies and his Sea Symphony.—Editor.]

Christmas Carols.

HERE are two kinds of Christmas carols, the genuine traditional folk carol and the songs composed by local musicians in various parts of England to be sung at Christmas time ; to this last category must be added, unfortunately, the sentimental effusions of modern church composers which are too often sung at Christmas in our fashionable churches, and which have abused the name of " carol " by their futility and unworthiness.

Of these two kinds the more important, of course (and, it may be added, far the more beautiful) are the true traditional carols. The fact that they are traditional places them on a different footing from music composed and written down by professional musicians, however old and interesting that may be. Traditional music owes its character to the fact that it has not been written or printed, being preserved entirely by oral tradition, passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation, and becoming thus part and parcel of the life of the country.

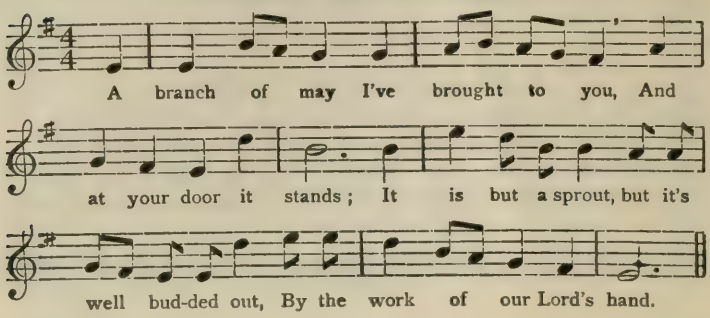
Every nation, England included, has its ballads and folk-songs, whose origin may be traced back to earliest times, and among the occasions and stimuli which call up the art of song and poetry, the great festivals of the year, the legends and history of the national religion, are naturally prominent.

Carols are not necessarily connected with Christmas only—though most of our English carols centre round that festival (or more probably with the more primitive festival of Yule) ; we also find New Year carols, and songs for Easter and its older counterpart, the May Day festival.

A carol was sung by parties of singers at Fowlmere, in Cambridgeshire, up to the middle of last century, and, though the custom has now died out, I was fortunate enough to find, a few years ago, the last of these " mayers," who sang me the carol, one verse of which, together with its tune, is given below.

Christmas Carols.

FOWLMERE MAY-DAY CAROL.


A branch of may I've brought to you, And
at your door it stands; It is but a sprout, but it's
well bud-ded out, By the work of our Lord's hand.

Another song of the same type, belonging to the midwinter festival (or Christmas Day, as it became in Christian times), is the wassail song—parties of wassailers would go from house to house singing their carol and demanding entertainment from the householders (as is so well described in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"). Here are two verses from the Gloucestershire wassail song :—

"Wassail, wassail, all over the town,
Our bread it is white, and our ale it is brown,
Our bowl is made of the green maple tree,
In the wassail bowl we'll drink to thee.

"Then here's to the maid in the lily-white smock
Who came to the door and drew back the lock,
Who came to the door and pulled back the pin
And let all us jolly wassailers walk in."

The children also had their wassail song. Here is a verse from a Yorkshire version :—

"Good master and good mistress, as you sit by the fire,
Remember us poor children that's wandered through the mire.
For it's Christmas time, when we wander far and near ;
May God bless you and send you a happy New Year."

Another type of carol is the ballad founded on a scriptural or legendary subject, such as "The Virgin Unspotted" or "The Angel Gabriel." These usually take the Nativity for their subject, but often, as in "The Seven Joys of Mary," they recite the whole Gospel history in ballad form. The following paraphrase of the story of the Fall and Redemption of man is probably not so well known as some, and is, therefore, given in full here. It was sung to me by a labourer in Herefordshire.

THE TRUTH SENT FROM ABOVE.

This is the truth sent from a - bove, The
truth of God, the God of love; There -
- fore don't turn me from your door, But
heark - en all, both rich and poor.

"The first thing which I do relate
Is that God did man create,
The next thing which to you I'll tell,
Woman was made with man to dwell.

"Then after this 'twas God's own choice
To place them both in Paradise,
There to remain from evil free,
Except they ate of such a tree.

"And they did eat, which was a sin,
And thus their ruin did begin.
Ruined themselves, both you and me,
And all of their posterity.

"Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose.
And so a promise soon did run
That He would redeem us by His Son."

More often, however, these religious ballads are founded on legends; thus the well-known "Cherry Tree Carol" is based on an incident in a mediæval mystery play, which itself is founded on a story in one of the Apocryphal gospels.

A romantic carol of this kind comes from Herefordshire, called "The Seven Virgins." The first verse runs:—

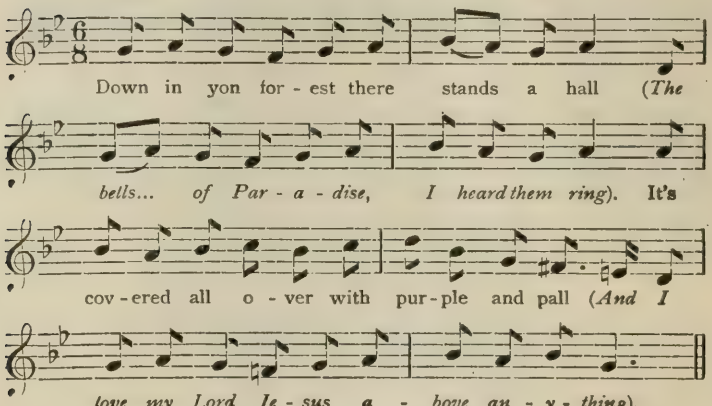
"Under the leaves, the leaves of life,
There I saw maidens seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Was our King's mother from Heaven."

Christmas Carols.

Another type of traditional carol is purely mystical or allegorical, such as "The Holly and the Ivy," or "I Saw Three Ships."

I give below a very interesting carol of this kind which was sung to me about ten years ago at Castleton in Derbyshire. The words of this carol are almost identical with those of a mediæval poem discovered in the fifteenth century MS. at Balliol College, Oxford, so we may suppose that this carol has been continuously sung from the Middle Ages to the present day.

DOWN IN YON FOREST.


Down in yon for - est there stands a hall (*The*
bells... of Par - a - dise, I heard them ring). **It's**
cov - ered all o - ver with pur - ple and pall (*And I*
love my Lord Je - sus a - bove an - y - thing),

"In that hall there stands a bed
(The bells of Paradise, I heard them ring);
It's covered all over with scarlet so red
(And I love my Lord Jesus above anything).

"At the bed side there lies a stone
(The bells of Paradise, I heard them ring),
Which the sweet Virgin Mary knelt upon
(And I love my Lord Jesus above anything).

"Under that bed there runs a flood
(The bells of Paradise, I heard them ring),
The one half runs water, the other runs blood
(And I love my Lord Jesus above anything).

"At the foot of the bed there grows a thorn
(The bells of Paradise, I heard them ring),
Which ever blows blossom since He was born
(And I love my Lord Jesus above anything).

"Over that bed the moon shines bright
(The bells of Paradise, I heard them ring),
Denoting our Saviour was born this night
(And I love my Lord Jesus above anything)."

Christmas Carols.

Of the two "Old English" carols which are still sung to-day the most popular are "Good King Wenceslas" and "The First Nowell." "Good King Wenceslas" is not so old (as far as the words are concerned), and is not English (as far as the tune is concerned). The tune comes from a Swedish book belonging probably to the sixteenth century, and was arranged in its present form by Helmore in the middle of last century; the words were written at the same time by Dr. Neale to fit the tune.

"The First Nowell" is English, and, as far as its beautiful words are concerned, probably traditional. The tune is almost certainly not traditional in its origin. It is, in all probability, derived from the "counter-melody" of an eighteenth century hymn tune. This requires a little explanation. It was the custom in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for hymn melodies to be given to the tenor part, while the treble voices sang another "counter-melody," or "faux-bourdon," which harmonised with it. These counter-melodies gradually became detached from their surroundings, and were sung by themselves, and this is probably how the tune of "The First Nowell" came into existence. However, it is a beautiful tune, and well worthy of its popularity, being thus the exception which proves the rule.

Carols are still sung at Christmas in our churches and at our doors, but what kind of carols? One may possibly hear "The First Nowell" or "The Angel Gabriel," but the true carol has given way almost entirely to a weak, sentimental style of part song; the words are vapouring about the "Christ-child" and the "Cradle," while the music is of a feeble, watery sweetness; surely entirely unsuited to the festival they celebrate.

This is not merely a question of musical taste—such words and music as we hear so often at Christmas only suggest that the minds and hearts of those who make them, and those for whom they are made, are vapid, insincere, and effeminate. Our traditional carols are at all events clean and sincere, and to sing and listen to such things will react on our natures and make them clean and sincere also.

The following books will be useful to those who wish to sing carols this Christmas. Stainer and Bramley: "Christmas Carols, New and Old" (Novello), contains many traditional carols which are well worth singing, and a certain amount of sentimental rubbish which should be avoided. C. J. Sharp: "English Folk-Carols" (Novello). R. Vaughan Williams: "Eight Traditional Carols" (Stainer and Bell). Miss Broadwood's "Traditional Songs and Carols" (Boosey & Co.). "English County Songs" (Leadenhall Press) also contains several fine traditional carols.

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB AND PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

THE Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are

1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
4. To help one another.

MEMBERS' CREED.

BELIEVING the British Empire to stand for justice, freedom, order and good government, we pledge ourselves, as citizens of the British Commonwealth of nations, to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers.

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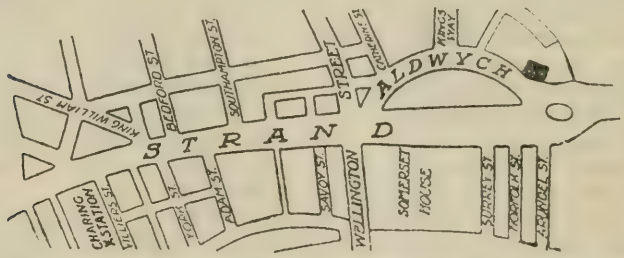
The Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League are situated at General Buildings, Aldwych, London, just opposite Australia House, in the very heart of the Metropolis. Here are provided most of the amenities of an ordinary Club, including Reading, Writing, Billiards, Ladies' and Smoking Rooms, Information Bureau, the provision of a postal address, and the forwarding of Members' mail. Light refreshments can be obtained. Hours of opening, 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.



The black square shows the building in which the Over-Seas Club Premises are situated.

Date of Inception	August 27th, 1910
Membership (including Associates)	169,994
Subscribing Membership	24,123
Life Members	3,199

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The Plumage Trade

By H. J. Massingham

The Plumage Trade.

"BIRDS," said Darwin in "The Descent of Man," "appear to be the most æsthetic of all animals, and they have nearly the same taste for the beautiful as we have. This is shown by our women, both civilised and savage, decking their heads with borrowed plumes." The analogy, however, falls to the ground in two particulars. In the first place, the plumes are not "borrowed," since they can never be paid back again, and are taken from the birds in robbery through murder. Secondly, the birds do not exhibit their "taste for the beautiful" by admiring the fine skins of English mothers with young children and tearing them off with their beaks. For that is how our women exhibit theirs. Every year there comes a season of gladness, love and renewal, and as trees put forth their buds and the earth its flowers, so the plumage of birds acquires a fresh gloss and grows additional ornaments which drop off when the young are fledged. This is the time for women's taste for the beautiful, and traders' and milliners' taste for £ s. d. to satisfy itself, and the latter's hired ruffians, taking full advantage of this added glory of plumage, and of the ease with which they can approach the birds, occupied with their parental duties and responsibilities, go out and slay these birds in millions in order that our brides and our mothers may look as smart as their victims.

Have many of the readers of "Overseas" any idea, I wonder, of the immensity of the carnage in wild birds' skins from Alaska to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Cape Town to Siberia, to procure feathers for women? The annual import of wild birds' skins into the London market before the War was mentioned at 35,000,000. They could be seen at the Cutler Street warehouses lying heaped to the roofs like bales of cotton — the luminous egret or white heron, with its nuptial shoulder tufts (the "osprey" of the trade), humming birds, with feathers of topaz,

[*Oscar E. Baynard.*

An egret with young two days old. These nestlings will be left to starve when the parent bird is shot in trying to defend them. [Reproduced by permission of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.]

The Plumage Trade.

amethyst and turquoise, bell-birds, white as snow, birds of paradise, every species of which miracle of creation is approaching extinction (the crown of them all, the king bird of paradise has already gone for ever), great bustards and condors (the highest flying of all birds), and little grey and brown sandpipers, lyre-birds, and roseate spoonbills, orioles, sun-birds, cardinals, quetzals, Argus pheasants, cranes, flamingos, pelicans, terns, falcons, toucans with massive bills, scarlet ibis, orange cock-of-the-rock, crowned pigeons, hoopoes, scarlet tanagers, cassowaries, emus, gulls, and hundreds upon hundreds of species, not only of unimaginable loveliness, but even of soberest plumage, so gigantic is the massacre, so insatiable the vanity of women and the greed of the men who basely cater for this base frivolity. The Smyrnian kingfisher is a little bird of chestnut and blue iridescent colouring ; 162,750 skins of it were sold at a single sale in June, 1918. This is the kind of thing you read of in the accounts of naturalists : " 29th May, Sarasota. All birds killed off by plume-hunters." " 1st May, landed, where in April, 1880, myriads of birds were building. An utter transformation from the happy and populous community of only a few years before." " I do not know of a more horrible and brutal exhibition than that which I witnessed here," etc.—these and other details too sickening to quote here are the words of a famous member of the American Ornithologists' Union. Indeed, if I were to give a summary of the expert and attested evidence collected during the last thirty years, I could pretty well fill this number of " Overseas " in the first place, and I doubt whether readers would believe me in the second. They would be right ; the evidence both of the savageries practised upon these innocent and lovely birds, and of the complete desolation the traders have brought upon millions of square miles of the earth, does seem too hellish—I use the word advisedly—too hellish for belief by kind and honest persons.

[*Oscar E. Baynard.*

Brooding egret on her nest. It is when the mother love of these beautiful birds is aroused that they most easily fall a prey to the plumage hunters. [Reproduced by permission of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.]

Nevertheless, it is true. I may say here that I have written numerous articles about this criminal traffic, and only once

has a public statement of mine been challenged by the trade interest A trader wrote and asked what I meant by introducing the albatross into my article, seeing that it had never been used for millinery purposes. I happened to have by me the official papers of the United States Government, who sent Professor Homer Dill to investigate the facts of an alleged raid upon Laysan Island, the chief breeding place of the albatross in the Pacific. He went, and reported to his Government that 300,000 of these splendid birds had been slaughtered in one raid by the plume-hunters, and that vast numbers of them had had their wings torn off, and were then left to die of hæmorrhage. The young, of course, starved. Sir Charles Hobhouse, who conducted the 1914 Plumage Bill in Parliament (blocked like the ones that preceded it through the corrupt secret influence of the traders), wrote a letter in the same newspaper in which he characterised the traders as a debased and particularly unscrupulous type of alien. The Plumage Trade.

This, then, is how the matter stands. It had taken the world some millions of years to evolve forms of bird-life, beautiful beyond description in their multi-coloured radiance. In fifty years, and under conditions of hideous barbarity, this rainbow-hued river of life has been drained almost dry. And these birds are part of the economy of the universe, and six years without them, as Professor Thomson declares, would bring the whole order of nature to an end. In China (as I heard the other day from a resident) the insect plagues have increased to such an extent in the paddy fields owing to the slaughter of egrets for plumage, that the villagers sally out and attack the hunters. It would seem then that some great gain to humanity should have been acquired to counterbalance this incalculably vast sacrifice of beautiful and necessary life, and still more so when the trade is the most sweated of all trades, and in the hands of a low type of East End alien. What is that gain? In a word, the ornamentation of hats. For this the fairest birds' wings and plumes are torn off and their young left to die of starvation; for this the process of evolution has been held up; for this nature has been sacked and pillaged from north to south and east to west—that women may show off their vulgar finery and a gang of brutal aliens sit securely behind their blood-soaked money-bags. The trade has already been prohibited in Australia and some of the Crown Colonies, but the London market is so profitable that little or no check upon the export of feathers into England has been possible. Let us then, men of England and the Dominions, if women's conscience and imagination are so weak a thing to allow this charge to rest upon them, bestir ourselves and compel the Parliament of the Mother Country to listen to the outraged voice of all decent men, so that we may end this villainy once and for all. I shall be glad to receive any offers of help.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

Tribute to the Old Country

[A charming eulogy of the beauty of British scenery by Mark Twain. The passage was sent in by Mrs. Otto Partridge, Ben-my-Chree, Atlin, B.C.—Editor.]

Tribute to the Old Country.

HEREVER the exiled Englishman can in his new home find resemblances to his old one, he is touched to the marrow of his being: the love that is in his heart inspires his imagination, and these allied forces transfigure those resemblances into authentic duplicates of the revered originals. It is beautiful, the feeling which works this enchantment, and it compels one's homage ; compels it, and also compels one's assent—compels it always—even when, as happens sometimes, one does not see the resemblances as clearly as does the exile who is pointing them out.

The resemblances do exist, it is quite true ; and often they most cunningly approximate the originals—but after all, in the matter of certain patent rights, there is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt. There is a beauty of Switzerland, and it is repeated in glaciers and snowy ranges on many parts of the earth ; there is a beauty of the fiord, and it is repeated in New Zealand and Alaska ; there is a beauty in Hawaii, and it is repeated in ten thousand islands of the southern seas ; there is a beauty of the prairie and the plain, and it is repeated here and there in the earth ; each of these is worshipful, each is perfect in its way, yet holds no monopoly of its beauty; but that beauty which is England's is alone—it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details—just grass, and trees, and shrubs, and roads, and hedges, and gardens, and houses, and vines, and churches, and castles, and here and there a ruin—and over it all a mellow dream-haze of history.

But its beauty is incomparable, and all its own.

The Indestructible Christmas

By Harold Begbie

The Indestructible Christmas.

IN the past Christmas has meant a great deal to the Empire. It has had a political effect. Like every other emotion of the human heart, it has had an infinitely greater imperial value than all the contrivances of statesmanship, that is to say, than all the mechanism of the British Commonwealth.

One wonders, as Christmas approaches after a war which seems to have brought the Christian Church to trial, whether this spiritual and emotional influence will continue into the years ahead.

Will it come into the hearts of men and women far away in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, and throughout the islands that hoist the British flag, twenty years hence, let us say, that Christmas is a season hallowed by memories and sweetened by most beautiful thoughts, a season which reminds every human being in the British Commonwealth of ideas and ideals common to them, but not shared by those nations and peoples who do not speak in the language of Shakespeare?

In other words, let us suppose (I do not say it is true) that the theology of dogmatic Christianity fails to stand the test of time, and that twenty years hence only a few people believe in the divinity of Christ's birth. Would such a collapse of dogma destroy in the hearts of English-speaking people the exquisite memories and thoughts of Christmas which now help us to realise our essential unity—a moral and spiritual unity?

There are signs everywhere of the materialising spirit, the work of which is to make Christmas an excuse either for animal excesses in the matter of eating and drinking, or for flippant and indelicate levity on the edge of immorality. This work, if it continue, will eat away one of the very strongest spiritual links which hitherto have held the English-speaking people together. For, whatever we may think of them now, the foundations of the British Commonwealth were laid in those enthusiasms for moral character which gave a note of grandeur to our Puritan ancestors. It was English character which sailed away from English harbours, which planted the British flag in foreign lands, and which expressed itself in the direct and noble language of the English Bible. This English character was neither flippant nor beast-like. It took itself seriously. It believed in a purpose. It was conscious of a goal. It accepted the immense burden of an immortal responsibility.

This character, if you will look deep enough, is the creation of Christ. We British are what we are by reason of centuries of ideals which had their rise in our English Bible. Our character is a Christian character.

The Indestructible Christmas.

Now, I think it is even possible that a collapse of Christian dogma might eventually help us to save this Christian character from destruction at the hand of materialism.

For the more men cease to think sceptically of the miraculous Christ, the more they will come to think practically of the historic Jesus, and to think of the historic Jesus is to perceive that the teachings of Jesus are essential to the maintenance of moral life, *i.e.*, essential to human happiness. It is extraordinary how the ecclesiasticism of churches has tended to blind men to the most striking of all the Christian facts, namely, the necessity of Jesus.

What do I mean by the necessity of Jesus? I mean that the spirit which was in Jesus is necessary to every aspect of human life. It is as necessary to great art (sincerity) as it is necessary to good manners (modesty and consideration for the feelings of other people). It is as necessary to the success of commerce (duty and honesty) as it is necessary to the labour of science (self-sacrifice). It is as necessary to statesmanship (the unity and brotherhood of man) as it is necessary to our games (fairplay and chivalry). Indeed, you can think of no sphere of human life in which the denial of the spirit which was in Jesus would not work disaster to civilisation.

In other words, religion is not a set of dogmas but a way of living, and the more that way of living is challenged and experienced the more markedly does its necessity arise. Let materialism do its worst, like German frightfulness, and the greater its victory the surer would be its defeat. Let all the dogmas of Christmas perish if you will, but no man will be able to destroy in the heart of the reflecting citizen of the British Empire the conviction that Christmas marks the birth of One whose moral character has been so taken into the fibres of English-speaking peoples as an ideal that you could only wipe out the Christ effect by destroying the whole of the British people. Imperfect as we are, nevertheless we do stand in the world for the civilisation of Christ. Our whole national life has its spring in the morality of Jesus. Therefore, I for one look confidently forward, not twenty but two hundred years, believing that the common sense of religion (its greatest grandeur) is destined to appear more and more visible with every question of fearless truth-seekers.

And this is the common sense of Christ: that men are not animals to be contented with a full trough and a warm sty, but spirits living under moral and spiritual laws which can only be violated at great cost. He did not so much teach a new lesson as draw aside a veil. He does not now stand in our midst demanding a surrender of our reason, but pointing us onward and upward to the inevitable destiny of all spirits who love right and desire perfection.

How British Brains Triumphed in the War

By W. Beach Thomas

[In this interesting article the writer, who is one of the best known British journalists, tells us of some of the inventions which stand to the credit of British brains during the War.—Editor.]

How British Brains Triumphed in the War.

BRITISH men of science have never had so many compliments paid them, and, incidentally, received such a popular advertisement, as during the meeting of the British Association at Bournemouth in September. Almost all the principal British inventions and discoveries of the War were either announced or more fully described.

A visitor to this most varied meeting could scarcely attend a lecture on physics, chemistry, engineering, mathematics, or even zoology, psychology, and agriculture, without hearing of some British scientific triumph. I suppose the number of useful inventions, very many of them when suitably adopted of general use to the world, was multiplied threefold, at least, during the War, especially in the later years.

There is no doubt at all that our British contribution was much the biggest and most important of all the combatants, with the French as the nearest competitors, both of us in front of the Germans. As soon as things began to look bad for the Allies our scientists came out of their caves and threw themselves with fine zeal into the work of discovering methods of defeating the enemy. They even went so far as to force the scientific point of view on politicians, as when Sir William Ramsay took up the question of cotton imports and German explosives. Before the War our scientific workers, who were utterly unorganised as such, were proud of devoting themselves wholly to pure or unapplied science.

Many of the best worked for choice at more or less abstract things, and each followed his individual bent, working very often in complete isolation from practical life, and even from his brother men of science. The best brains we possessed, and they were good in any company in the world, were largely dissipated and, from a practical point of view, wasted. A notable exception was the study of the agricultural and natural history specialists at Cambridge. This isolation was, perhaps, as much due to contempt of scientific men by commercial and political magnates as to the

How British Brains Triumphed in the War.

waywardness of the scientists themselves. But the War has changed all this ; and just as converts are always the keenest members of their new community, so our most abstract chemists and physicists became the most zealous students of war ; and, what is more, of the re-conversion of poisons and explosives and fighting apparatus into organs of peaceful progress.

Their triumph, their surprising triumph, is no abstract tale or vain boast. Let me be particular. Early in 1918 a long-range German gun, at some ten miles distant, began to let fall its shells on a cross-road. After the first few had exploded our sound-ranging circle of apparatus had located the sound of the gun accurately enough to send information to the heavy artilleries. The enemy's gun was bracketed in the ordinary way : one shell fired short, one over the gun, and the rest more or less on the target. The gun did not fire again. So accurate was our system of sound ranging that, in very many cases, it exceeded the accuracy of our guns. An enemy's single gun or battery would be marked down within fifty yards. It is interesting that one of the expert workers in this field of applied discovery was a grandson of Charles Darwin, a son of Sir George Darwin, who was President of the British Association when it visited South Africa. We had much the most perfect system of any combatant.

Probably the quickest application of pure science to a war problem was the manufacture of gas masks in answer to the first German gas attack. Three leading scientists were in France the next morning ; they found out the nature of the gas and the right antidote a day later, and the manufacture of suitable masks began before the week was out. It is now no longer a kept secret that, when the Armistice came, we had discovered and made in quantity a gas of penetrative deadliness beyond anything previously imagined. " They love not poison who do poison need " ; but the Germans used more and more gas to the end, and gas had to be answered by gas.

The world will probably regard the British tank as the most distinctive novelty in the machines of war ; and we know now from Ludendorff himself how it broke German morale. Then, again, the tanks ready at the time of the Armistice had a speed and a strength which made a new weapon of them ; and in their structure a score of ingenious inventions were compressed, such as the oil-carrying device. They can travel at twelve miles an hour, they can dig themselves out of holes, they can swing instantly in any desired direction, and one is being made which can cross water.

But the tank, with all its novelty, is scarcely more ingenious or useful in war than the paravane, a wholly British invention. It would serve no purpose to give any detailed description of it,

or of the extreme cleverness of the methods by which it is made to keep its depth, to grip the gear of tethered mines, and to explode its own mines on contact with a submarine. It is enough that it enables ships to go boldly through a thickly-sown mine-field ; and only one accident has been recorded to any ship fitted with it. Pushed in front of a ship it saves it from mines, and towed behind a destroyer it is the deadliest of enemies to submarines. A less obvious but most real counter to the U-boat was the " directional hearing " brought to singular perfection by British brains. It proved only less accurate than the sound ranging for guns.

How British Brains Triumphed in the War.

Germany had a great name for many things, for her optical work, wherein we passed her during the War, and, not least, for her skill in finding substitutes for missing minerals and foods ; but I should doubt if any one was more useful than the British discovery that paper could be used instead of aluminium to complete the proper balance of the rifle bullet. The machine to make these tiny paper cones was invented and roughly rigged up during one continuous all-night sitting. It is not generally known, but we were, all through the War, far in advance of the Germans in the manufacture of paper pulp into all manner of textile materials, such as string bags, carpets, and the rest.

In the air, a favourite domain of the amateur inventor, we finally passed the Germans because we built throughout the War lighter and lighter machines, instead of banking, as did the Germans, on a particular type of weighty machine. No one has surpassed our aerial photography. The natural inventiveness of our race was exhibited in aerial tactics ; and General Trenchard's theory of attack went far to win the War, and was accepted as the truest strategy. In regard to manufacture we were turning out 1,000 machines a week at the Armistice. When the War came we had 100 machines. It was the same tale in artillery ; but in this department our most novel contribution was in trench artillery. The Stokes' mortar was the first and best of its kind ; and " projector gas," of which several German reports that I have seen spoke with admiring horror, followed as a result of the quality and quantity of the mortars. The War has discovered in scores of directions the scientific quality of the British brain. Now war is over, are we to allow these men of science to go back to their caves, disregarding the world and, what is worse, disregarded by it ?

A special December enrolment form is enclosed with this issue of Overseas. Will you give the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League a Christmas present by using it to enrol some one whom you know will be a help to our movement.

Christmas Overseas

By Capt. F. A. M. Webster, K.A.R.

Christmas Overseas.

BIRTHDAYS, one's own and other people's, are apt to be forgotten overseas, and Sunday is much the same as any other day at the outposts of Empire, unless an itinerant parson happens along ; but Christmas Day is different, for it is the white man's festival all the world over.

I sometimes think that Christmas Day is the most wonderful of all the 365, because it is the day when thoughts go winging across the waste waters of the world, when the links of Empire we are forging bind closer, and the hatchet is buried for at least four-and-twenty hours. It is a wonderful thought that, North, South, East or West, below the Line or about the Poles, in the fever-haunted jungles or upon the snow-capped ridges, where the wind cuts like a knife, all white people are sending out their messages to one another, and getting a sort of moral uplift from the silent communion to carry them forward.

That it is the white man's festival the black man fully realises, and, because it is the keystone of our policy not to interfere with the observances of the faiths he holds, he, in his turn, is punctilious in the matter of our Christmas. There is a name for Christmas in every native tongue which I have so far come across in the course of my wanderings. For example, in the Swahili tongue, which runs from coast to coast of Africa, this term is " Siku kuu ya kuzaliwa Masiya " (" the day upon which the Messiah came to be born ") ; in practice the natives say simply " Siku kuu," but they say it meaningly, and not without a look of anticipation for that mysterious " box " connected with the festival.

Like most men with a turn for wandering, I have known some funny Christmases, my own and other people's, and have seen and heard of some strange dishes doing duty at the feast.

It may be that one is awakened on Christmas morning in the heart of the African bush by a grinning native bearing a cup of steaming tea and ejaculating, " Siku kuu leo," which means that " It is Christmas Day to-day." The first pale streak of dawn will be lighting the silver-grey, lichen-encrusted branches of the trees ; far off you will hear the whining call of a predatory hyena late returning to his lair ; from the open plains beyond the bush the staccato coughing-bark of the zebra will reach your ears, and, as you rest upon your elbow within your netting watching the mosquitoes vainly striving to effect an entry while you sip lazily your tea, you wonder what the people at home are doing, and whether there is snow in England now.

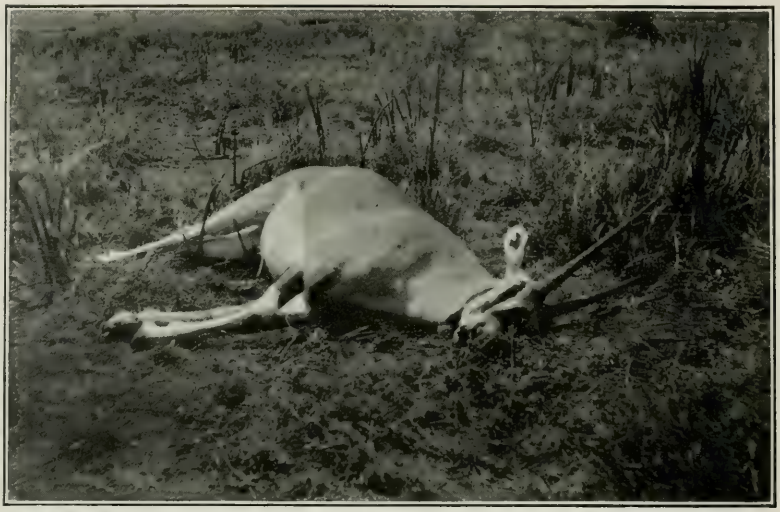
In those latitudes the sun rises so rapidly that by the time you have dressed you will need your pith helmet to protect you from

AT THE CENOTAPH ON ARMISTICE DAY, LONDON, 1919.

All day dense throngs pressed their way to the foot of the cenotaph, many bringing offerings of wreaths and flowers or other tokens to show their loving remembrance of "our glorious dead." At the open-air service just before eleven, Cabinet Ministers stood bareheaded in front of the great memorial, while a reverent crowd stretched up and down Whitehall as far as the eye could see.

Big Game in East Africa.

Photographs sent by Captain F. A. M. Webster, 1, St. Augustine's Road, Bedford



A very fine Oryx shot in "German" East Africa. The rapier-like horns of this animal make a very good trophy.

A splendid Lioness meets her Kismet. These beasts are plentiful in East Africa, and despite their size can hide in cover which one would hardly think would conceal a rabbit.

his deadly rays. The probability is that food is short, and you must go out with your rifle to procure your Christmas fare. It is most unlikely that the mails from home will reach you in time, for the British of the Island are apt to forget that it takes a longer time for letters to reach one than is occupied in transit from the home to the foreign port. But somehow one misses Christmas letters least of any, for there is the assurance that the wanderer is present in the minds of those who care and count. Such knowledge is sufficient in itself. Christmas Overseas.

Friendships are very easily made overseas, and it is surprising how happy may be a Christmas spent in hospital, not least of the charms of which is the resumed association with white women. As you lie in your cot on the deep verandah of the ward on Christmas eve the light of a lantern glimmers across the red earth of the compound, and suddenly the blended voices of the doctors and nurses ring out in the old, well-loved carols of home. When you awaken next morning little dainty gifts are arranged upon the table beside your bed, while the whole ward is gay with decorations, including, even, some ingeniously contrived imitation holly and mistletoe.

Christmas dinner is, of course, the event of the day, but, to me, it seemed strange to see mangoes and granadillas side by side with the homely turkey, plum-pudding, and oranges. For the convalescents and the staff the day usually ends with a dance and all those simple games which were the delight of our youth.

At sea the same simple joy of the festival is in vogue, for it seems that the care-free, big-hearted, overseas men and women revert to their unheeding childhood for just that one evening. Yet, with it all, wherever the wanderer's Christmas is spent, there must always be the touch of sadness which besets the exile on such occasions, and the thinly-veiled longing for the presence of absent desirabilities.

Some years ago, I remember, two friends of mine were sent up country from Pernambuco, in Northern Brazil, to recover from bad attacks of malaria. The beginning of December found them in the dull little town of Antao, kicking their heels and longing for some means of passing the time. There they fell in with a party of Brazilians going snake-hunting. Having attached themselves to the expedition, Christmas found them in the low-lying marshlands between the rivers Capabaribe and Parahyba. On Christmas eve they found traces of the rare Anaconda snake, and on Christmas morning saw him hanging head downwards and supporting his twenty-foot length by the last two folds of his tail lapped around a branch of a tree. The honour of shooting him fell to one of the two Englishmen. The skin was magnificent, 20 feet 7 inches long, and 40 inches in girth at the thickest part.

Christmas Overseas.

As it so happened food was very short, and so, upon the recommendation of the Brazilians, they made their Christmas dinner of Anaconda flesh, washed down with tea. It was very good, too, for the reptile is a clean feeder, living mostly upon small deer, monkeys, sloths, and ant-bears.

On another occasion these same two Englishmen found themselves at a loose end in Newfoundland when Christmas was drawing near. They joined themselves to a party of timber seekers of a pioneer company, and, with them, sailed from Battle Harbour, through the Straits of Belle Isle, to Indian Harbour, where they were caught by the winter gales and snowstorms, which forced them to beach the schooner and make camp with all possible speed.

The snow grew deeper day by day, until they were snow-bound and cut off from all human beings save a settlement of Esquimaux, who were located a few miles distant.

Christmas Day dawned with the thermometer registering "20 below," but the explorers made little of this, for their beaver-skin caps protected ears and eyes, fur-lined mittens covered their hands, thick underclothing and wind-proof overalls their limbs, and upon their feet were sealskin moccasins, which, incidentally, are the only possible protection against the penetration of melting snow.

Early in the morning the whole party went across country to give greeting to the Esquimaux, who thoroughly entered into the Christmas spirit without in the least knowing what it was all about. After that a dog-team was taken further inland to draw upon the wood store. Coming back they gave chase to a lynx, ending by upsetting the sledge, which was not righted without a good deal of mixed "cussing" and laughter. Back at the camp a big stage was built, upon which a concert was given after the Christmas dinner, consisting of venison and plum-pudding.

All the Esquimaux turned up for the "sing-song." and a strange audience they made with their yellow-skinned, snub-nosed, fur-encircled faces all turned upwards to the performers. Beside the Esquimaux, who squatted in a semi-circle upon the snow, the sleigh-dogs lay curled up with their bushy tails across their noses. From time to time a pair of dogs would get up and fight fiercely; after a while some of the visitors got unduly rowdy, and had to be hastened homewards forcibly; but the concert went merrily forward until midnight, despite all interruptions. Finally the white men, sitting around the fast-fading fire, burst spontaneously into "Auld Lang Syne."

I suppose an Old Country Christmas spent in Great Britain is best? And yet I don't know! Sometimes I wonder!! The spirit of Christmas is so much more vital and seems to mean so much more upon the far frontiers.

F. A. M. WEBSTER.

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier.

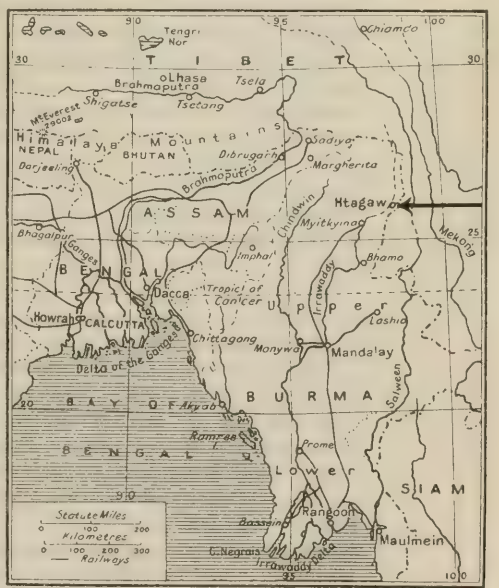
A SMALL board-walled room in a huge unlit hut, the low-pitched eaves of which, descending to the level of the raised floor, shut out all but a glimmer of daylight ; in the centre of the room a log fire smoking evilly on an open hearth ; and from the bare, blackened rafters, pendent festoons of soot.

From beneath the split bamboo floor rises an odour of pigs. Just beyond the partition, in the high front porch of the hut, where the skulls of sacrificed mithan are nailed to the great supporting pillar, a couple of mop-haired, round-faced, almond-eyed, merry Maru girls are pounding the evening meal's maize, grunting at each blow, while a third, singing in a low voice, turns the heavy grinding-stone.

Outside great volumes of clammy cloud are rolling up the valley, twisting like smoke through the sago palms and the clumps of "elephant" bamboo which shelter the village, and the whole world seems to be softly weeping. Through the dense mist the roar of the torrent, a thousand feet below, booms like a cataract.

So I sit on the edge of my camp cot gazing into the fire, listening to the steady drip, drip of rain on the thatch and to the voice of the waters. It is evening, the day's work is done ; soon I shall call for supper. I put a few pieces of split bamboo on the fire, and it burns up more brightly.

"In England," I think to myself, "they grumble at forty-eight hours' rain ! Why, it has scarcely stopped raining here for thirty days and nights, and there is three more months of this yet !" A dog barks outside, the persistent, futile bark of the hill village pariah. A step on the boards, and my Maru interpreter enters. "Excellency" (he speaks to me in



GEORGE PHILIP & SON, LTD. The London Geographical Institute

Map showing Htagaw where Captain F. Kingdom-Ward was living when he wrote the accompanying article.

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier.

Chinese, as I do not know Maru), "the Lisu runner has come with your mail." I jump up. "Splendid fellow! but why has he been gone so long? It is eighteen days since he left; he should have been back eight or ten days ago!"

"He says he had fever, Excellency, and could not travel, and the streams are so swollen he was unable to cross; at one place the path was quite washed away." Never mind, here he is with a month's mail. Letters from home, letters from friends in India, Burma, China, and a copy of "Overseas" with a coloured picture of England, which land I have not seen for nearly seven long years.

It is midnight when I blow out my candle and lie down to sleep, and dream of home brought nearer. Next day we start for the mountain again, having been down in the village a week, drying specimens, writing up notes, and resting. This village of six huts, perched on a spur which falls away steeply to the torrent, is about 5,000 feet above sea-level. Below are the *taungya*—hill clearings where the Marus plant their maize and mountain rice; above are the forests.

Twelve strong Lisus from the topmost villages of the valley appear to carry our tents, bedding, and food for a ten days' trip. Our path lies up the valley, across fallow *taungya* overgrown with dense bush, down deep gullies filled with rich jungle, across boisterous torrents, and up precipitous *taungya* where the maize already stands eight feet high.

Then we plunge into the rain forest. Here it is twilight at midday, the only sounds the patter of rain on the leaves and the everlasting drip, drip from the great trees. A foul, musty odour rises from the sodden leaf mould underfoot, whence brightly-coloured *pilei* spring up in a night; the bamboos are covered with pale, sickly-looking fungi, and the tree trunks are swathed in moss. Up the steep slippery path the Lisus slowly struggle with their loads. One stops and, drawing his *dàh*, shaves a leech off his bare leg; a trail of blood shows from knee to ankle.

After three hours' climbing we emerge from the dark forest on to the more open mountain side, where scarlet, pink, and white flowered rhododendrons dabble the slopes with colour, and in the late afternoon reach our camping ground, a small platform on the mountain side, amidst bamboos and rhododendrons, 9,000 feet above sea-level. We are soaked to the skin, gelid with cold from the blasting gusts of rain swept in our faces by a driving wind, and it requires all the cunning of the hardy Lisus to get the fires going. However, when the tents are up and the fires crackling and spitting, we feel better. For the next hour nothing is heard but the ring of *dàh* against wood as the Lisus chop down bamboos for their snug little shelters, roofing them with great slabs of rhododendron bark, or with leaves.

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier.

Dusk falls, an early dusk here, though it is midsummer. The rain ceases for a time, and the fires burn more brightly. From the Lisus' shelter comes the sad wail of a bamboo flute, and away out in the forest an owl hoots. At nine o'clock—half past eight by the sun, but I keep daylight-saving time—I blow out the candle, and fall asleep with the ringing of ten thousand rushing becks in my ears.

Dawn comes sulkily, for long ere the sun can top the mountains the mist is rolling up out of the valley where it has lain snug for the night. Slowly the noises of the forest are borne in on my dreams of flowery Yun-nan and Tibet in the days before the War—first the splash of the torrent in the gully below, then the twittering of small birds, till finally, at the call of the cuckoo, I awaken, not to the crisp air and turquoise sky of Tibet, but to the rain-drenched N.E. Frontier.

Enter Yo-ko with a bundle of burning bamboos, and lights a fire at the entrance to my tent. "Tea is ready, Excellency!" I tumble out of bed and go over to the warmth of the fire, for it is wretchedly chill and damp. Then hot tea and *chapatties*, made Indian fashion by my Chinese cook. By the time I am dressed, putting on as few clothes as is consistent with the chill of 10,000 or 11,000 feet during the rains, the Lisus have had their food, and are ready to start back for their village; they will not return for a week, all but one, whom I retain for his knowledge of jungle lore, a man who can rig up a bamboo shelter, cut a path, shoot with the cross-bow, and light a fire on an iceberg in a snowstorm, I fancy. So we five—namely, my two Chinese servants, Maru (interpreter), Lisu (handyman), and myself—are left alone.

After breakfast we set forth into the white mist; an extraordinary sense of remoteness is on me—we seem to be in a new world, cut off from all that is familiar by this impenetrable veil. In this immense solitude even the roaring waters sound thin and far away.

But, look! The clouds are flocking, the sun is breaking through. There, right at our feet, 5,000 feet below, is our own valley, all blue and silver; we can count the Maru villages crowning the spurs all the way down to the main valley, fifteen or twenty miles away, and beyond that, again, high mountains range beyond range.

And there, at the head of our valley, beyond the bamboo forests and the torn silver firs, clear of the mist, rises our mountain, 13,300 feet high, its dark precipices still streaked and freckled with snow. So near it looks, one might perhaps toss a pebble across to it? But, indeed, we shall have to move our camp a day's march along the ridge, and near 2,000 feet higher, before we can hope to scale those granite walls.

(Continued on p. 60.)

Young Immigrants

[A brief account of life at the Fairbridge Farm School, where such excellent work is being done in training future citizens of the Empire. Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge, the founder and organiser, is a Rhodes scholar.—Editor.]

Young Immigrants.

THESE jolly lads are some of the older and younger boys at Fairbridge Farm School, Pinjarra, West Australia, where the Club has a branch. Coming originally from British workhouses and orphanage institutions at about the age of ten, the boys get their elementary education at a Government school situated on the farm and their farm training under the supervision of the Farm School officers. A lady officer is seen in the photograph.

The country offers splendid advantages to these orphan children. At the Farm School the boys are carefully trained, and their agricultural knowledge and pleasant manners make them in great demand throughout the State. The liberal land laws of West Australia will enable many of these lads, when they have "saved up" and gained sufficient experience, eventually to become landowners themselves.

A group of older and younger Fairbridge Farm School Boys and a Lady Officer. The boys have a great reputation both at play and at work. Sent by Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge.

The Farm School boys excel at football and cricket, and the school authorities spare no pains to develop their physical as much as their vocational side. This Farm School for orphan emigrant children is carried on by the Child Emigration Society of Oxford and its branch in West Australia, the Farm School Society (Incorporated), and receives support from the general public of both countries. The founder of the organisation, Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge, is at present in England.

The Seers of Bethlehem

The Seers of Bethlehem.

THE hearts of men all through the ages have been stirred by the strange beauty of the story of the Eastern Kings and their quest ; art and legend have adorned each detail with delicate colour and grace, and imagination has cast the spell of its magic over the simple words till we see again the dim distant countries from which they came, those seekers for the hidden truth, and the wide stretches of the desert beneath the feet of the swift-footed camels which bore them to their unknown goal. What thoughts were theirs as they sped onwards through the long hours of the night, searching with pleading eyes the depths of the starlit heavens spread above them ? Did they hope to find, as so many have hoped before and since, a place "full of repose, full of replies," and an answer to all their questionings ? Very far in the land of the spirit must their seeking souls have travelled before the day came which saw them start out on their long pilgrimage. To them no price seemed too high to pay if by any means they might attain to the Vision Beatific. And not empty handed did they start out on their starlit way, but bearing with them the fruits of their toils, and the hard-won gains of many a lonely hour of struggle—shining gold and fragrant frankincense and mystic myrrh.

There was no turning back for them when once their eyes had seen the heavenly light, though but as a far away point in the encircling darkness, which, impenetrable, wrapped itself round their little lives ; no desert was too vast, too barren and dry to daunt them, no seas too wide, no hills too steep. With eyes that never left the guiding star they pressed on, and as they pressed, their listening ears sought ever to apprehend the silent message which the night held for them in its wide spaces ; they asked of the winds to show them the portals of the heralding dawn, their souls stretched out eager, expectant, scornful of present hardship, towards the unseen goal.

And when the pathway of light which they followed led them into Jerusalem's thronged and crowded streets, and into the presence of priest and scribe and king, one thought only swayed them, one question alone was on their lips. Earth's prizes, earth's values meant nothing to them, their eyes had seen the star in the East—where was He to whom the star testified, that they might come and worship Him ? Whether in lonely desert or bustling thoroughfare, their steadfast attention was wholly concentrated on that for which their souls were seeking ; forsaking all else they pressed through darkness or obstacle, undaunted, to the Light which they believed lay at the heart of life's mystery.

The Seers of Bethlehem.

What they expected to find in the unknown land whither their wanderings had brought them none can know, perhaps they knew not themselves ; but surely they had dreamt of some key of hidden wisdom which would unlock the meaning of earth's philosophies, of treasures of knowledge waiting to satisfy their craving longing, of some clue to the everlasting why. And, instead, a little manger, poor and bare, and in the arms of its mother, the Word of God made flesh, but a silent Word. Silence, here too silence, to the eager intellect. And the wise men knelt and offered up their gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh—content not to know, not to understand, content to yield all that they had and were, in utter consecration, the earthly possessions which most they prized, the deepest worship of their souls, the bitterness of their loneliest tears. Their hearts, long attuned to messages divine, heard in the silence all that silence alone is deep enough to say ; away down below the clamorous questionings of intellect, the blessed secret reached into the innermost recesses of their being, the secret known only to those who, after long toil and combat, attain to the vision of the Love which is beyond understanding, the secret which no words can express and no mind can conceive, but which lies in the Heart of God, and is the new heavens and new earth of hearts made one with His.

H. d. V.

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E. Frontier.

(Concluded from p. 57.)

A Day in the Life of a Plant Collector on the Indian N.E Frontier.

So the day is spent prospecting a route and collecting flowers in meadow and forest ; we see gay tragopan pheasants, and the Lisu collects fresh vegetables for our supper—succulent bamboo shoots and wild garlic. In the afternoon we return to camp, and presently I am sitting by the fire, cataloguing my plants while I have tea. Towards sunset a flurry of cloud tumbles off the high peak and sinks into the deep valley, where it floats like cotton wool. The sky is quite clear now, the old familiar stars blazing overhead, and the outlines of the mountain ranges stand up black against the afterglow. A break in the rain has come.

The men chatter round the fire in their tent, an owl hoots ; below the torrent lifts up its voice ; far down in the valley the Marus will be pounding their evening corn again. Just before dark I have supper, then an hour's work at Maru with my interpreter to while away the time. At nine o'clock I brew myself a cup of hot cocoa and go to bed, and thus end another day of varied life on the N.E. Frontier.

F. KINGDOM-WARD.

Htawgaw Hill Tracts, Htawgaw,
Via Myitkyina, Upper Burma.

[*C. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

HOAR FROST IN BARROWDALE.

"Insculped and embossed
With His hammer of wind
And His grave of frost."

Portuguese Industry and Moorish Art.

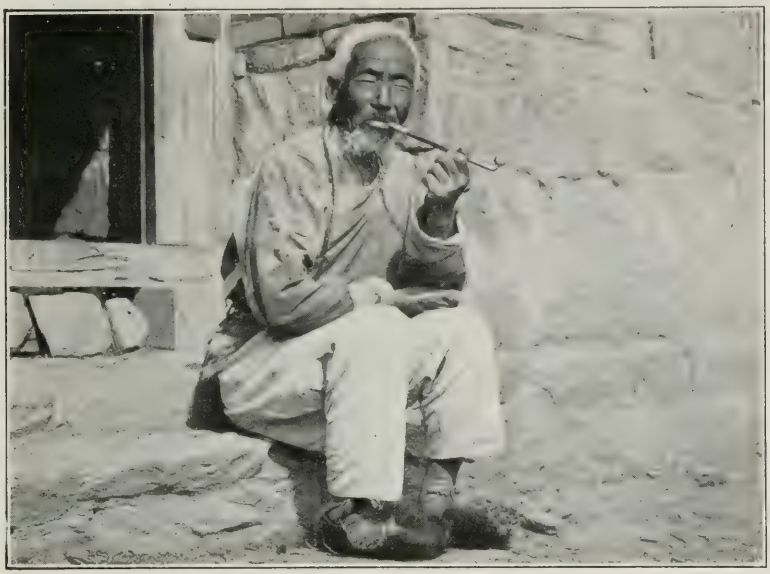
Sugar Cane growing is one of the chief industries of Madeira, which became a Portuguese Colony in the 15th Century.

Cutting the Sugar Cane and making it into bundles in Madeira. Taken by Mr. M. O. Perestrello, of Funchal.

A corner in old-world Granada, Spain. Sent by Mr. H. Pollock-Simpson, Aquilas, Murcia, Spain.

Contentment.

Photographs from China by Mr. J. C. Carter, c/o Mactavish & Co , Shanghai.



The Pipe of Peace—an old Shantung resident sunning himself on his doorstep.

Carrying a Live Pig to Market. Its bearers are enjoying life rather more than their poor victim.

Europe's Winter Playground.

Photographs from Mr. U. G. Frederici, of Lausanne, Switzerland.

Ski-ing in the High Alps in Mid-Winter.

The High Street of Arosa, taken in December.

By The Assistant Editor.

"Overseas" Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Headquarters.

OUR MEMBERSHIP BIG PUSH.—I should not think there is another office in the world where such an interesting and varied mail bag is received daily as ours at General Buildings, Aldwych. Through it one hears echoes from every clime, while British character and achievement is brought home very vividly through the simple and stirring relation of everyday happenings. Our Members do not write for effect. They are writing to us as friends and they write about the things that really interest them.

It would be a wonderful enthusiasm-begetter if every Member, even only once a year, could read a week's mail from his fellow Members everywhere. What an eye-opener it would be to those who subscribe to our creed without really having it "in their bones"!

Our Membership Big Push has resulted in many inspiring incidents, all showing the spirit of co-operation and service with which participants are animated. For example, Mr. Charles Theron, who lives on a lonely farm some miles from Kenhardt, C.P., his nearest village, being unable to get ten Members himself, commissioned our H.C.S. at Kenhardt, Mr. A. R. Lowson, to fill in a Campaign Book for him. To ensure speedy success, Mr. Theron promised to pay the first year's subscriptions for any ten men who would make worthy Members of the cause, whom Mr. Lowson might nominate. This generous action is much appreciated at Headquarters.

And again, Mr. E. Jones, proprietor of the well-known hotel "Bella Vista," Madeira, received his Big Push booklet by an incoming mail, and before the return home-bound mail-boat was ready, had completed his "bag"—one of the first filled-in Campaign Booklets to reach us at Headquarters.

* * * * *

One could multiply incidents indefinitely. The following names, however, show that the campaign has its adherents all over the world.

C. H. Whiteley, Groot Drakenstein, C.P., South Africa.
Arthur R. Cragg (10 Life Members), Caixa 1032, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America.

News from Headquarters.

W. F. Dakel, Lusmore, N.S.W., Australia.
Rev. P. L. Hunter, Gillespie Mission, Mt. Ayliff, C.P.
Eugene Jones, Hotel "Bella Vista," Madeira.
F. H. Steer, 379/383, Water Street, St. Johns, Newfoundland.
W. Williams, Knysna, C.P., South Africa.
W. Steele-Boyce, Saigon, Cochin China.
G. W. Hampshire, Wondai, Queensland, Australia.
Ernest King, Verulam, Natal, South Africa.
W. G. Sawyers, Blyth, S. Australia.
E. C. Curtis, Chefoo, China.
W. Dunlop, Sierra Leone, Africa.
S. Norfolk, Haileybury, Ont., Canada.
Col. V. Harrington, Edgewood, B.C.
W. J. McGhie, Oakey, Queensland.

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OUR SOCIAL SIDE.—A very enjoyable "party" was held at Headquarters one evening last month, which without being invidious we might say was the most successful social yet organised. Dancing and singing were the programme, and light refreshments were provided. The thanks of those present were best expressed in their clamour for more evenings of the same kind.

A more ambitious event was a dance in Baker Street a few days later, which went equally well. Miss Simmons is a born organiser, and all at Headquarters are most grateful for her help.

A good programme lies ahead of the Wayfarers. The next item is a Christmas fancy dress social to the staff. This is the first time the staff have been entertained by the Members, and they are keenly appreciative. A fitting end to 1919 is to be a grand Christmas Dance at the Caxton Hall.

These entertainments involve the organisers in a great deal of work, and we would like to publicly express our gratitude to them.

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O.S. PUNT POLES.—While we have not yet been able to make any definite arrangements with regard to supplying O.S. colours for ties, hat-bands, scarves, etc., an enterprising Old Country Member has already created a precedent by painting her punt poles and paddles with the Club colours. This is Mrs. Lamplough, The Old Tan House, Bray-on-Thames, whose O.S. flag was, as far as we are aware, the first one to wave from the Thames waterside.

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TOO MANY APPEALS.—We often receive letters from our Members in which they complain that they get so many appeals of various kinds from every part of the world. We would advise our Members

News from Head-quarters.

to pay no attention to communications of this kind unless issued by the authority of Headquarters. Some such letters are almost unavoidable, when an Empire Directory such as our Membership List is sent all over the world, but our Members need have no scruples in allotting them to the waste-paper basket.

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TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCHANGE !—In certain countries the rate of exchange is at present so favourable, as, for instance, in China, that it is well worth the while of Members residing there to take advantage of it to make themselves Life Members. We have received an interesting letter on this subject from Mr. J. C. Parkin, Chinese Post Office, Taiyuanfu, China, who is influencing his friends to become Life Members at once, pointing out what they save by doing so, and also the inconvenience of sending a small sum annually. Hangkow Members are also fully alive to the situation. We commend the idea to Members living in foreign countries at the present time.

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SPECIAL H.C.S. NOTE-PAPER.—Our H.C.S.'s are aware that we supply special addressed paper for their use at the rate of 2s. 6d. for 100 sheets, but an interesting suggestion has come to hand from Quartermaster-Sergeant T. Johnson of Walvis Bay, and one which might prove a saving in the long run. He suggests our issuing an indiarubber stamp and pad with which all note-paper used by H.C.S.'s in connection with club work could be stamped. The suggested design is as follows :—

OVER-SEAS CLUB
AND
PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

H.C.S., *TOM JOHNSON,*
Walvis Bay, S.W. Africa.

Would any H.C.S. care to adopt this idea? We are obtaining a stamp for Mr. Johnson.

* * * * *

A GENEROUS OFFER.—We have just received an offer, novel in the history of our organisation. An H.C.S. in Northern British

News from Headquarters.

Columbia has offered us a share in his newly-discovered gold mine as soon as it is in running order. The scheme is confidential at present, and, therefore, we cannot thank our Member publicly, though we know how very much this generous action will be appreciated by our Members all over the world.

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OLD COUNTRY PROGRESS.—The suggestion that Members who have found themselves checked in their desire to further our Membership Campaign by the lack of "raw material" locally, should write to their friends in the Old Country, is being very widely adopted. Our Old Country membership is thus being steadily augmented, and certainly few things would do the Club more good than a really strong Home Membership. Notices with regard to the Liverpool Branch and the proposed Glasgow Branch will be found elsewhere, while mention has been made of Southampton and Cardiff in previous issues. Mr. W. Caxton Mee, 72, Stacey Road, our H.C.S. at Cardiff, is organising a meeting at the Queen's Hotel in that town this month. We very much hope that Wales and Scotland will both form their first Branches before 1919 is out.

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HELPING THE WAR MEMORIAL.—We receive many excellent suggestions from Branches and Members with regard to ways of raising funds for our War Memorial apart from actual begging. The following suggestions came from Lieut. A. G. Andrews, 1/6 Norfolk Regt., Dundalk, Ireland :—

"*Mony a Mickle.*"—"Here is a frivolous way of adding to the small amounts. Threepenny bits are a pet aversion of mine, so two months ago I started a horrible scheme of saving them, with the dual purpose of helping the War Memorial and of finally sending them out of my way. My 'bag' is now over 100. Again, could not each Branch aim at sending at least £1 per Member towards the Memorial? That would soon see the plans on the way."

"*Stamp Collecting.*"—"Mr. N. G. Sawyer's letter in the September 'Overseas' inspires this further suggestion. Some years ago I knew of a lady in a remote village who made over £20 a year from stamps for foreign missions. Could not some Member with a moderate amount of spare time 'carry on' on behalf of the War Memorial? An announcement in 'Overseas' would set lots of people saving their stamps, especially higher values, and then would follow the fascination of receiving letters and stamps from all over the world; sorting the stamps, pricing and packeting collections, and filling approval books in readiness for the replies to a second notice of stamps for sale. As an old collector I would help with stamps and advice."

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OBITUARY.—It is with very much regret that we announce the death of the following Members :—

Mr. Percy Horton, Canford, B.C., Canada.
Mr. F. G. Westmorland, Wingham, Canterbury, Kent.

OVERSEAS

Mr. F. Cusden, of 84, Grove Lane, London, S.E.
Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Central St., Mt. Morgan, Australia.
Mrs. A. D. Favilla, Kadina, South Australia.
Mr. A. J. J. Rugeroni, La Plata, Argentine, S. America.
Mr. V. A. Maunders, Swatow, China.

News from Head-quarters.

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PROS AND CONS OF PROHIBITION.—Members of the Over-Seas Club were cheated out of what should have been a remarkably interesting debate at Essex Hall the other day. Prohibition being one of the most vital topics of the moment, the Central Council invited both the United Kingdom Alliance and the Anti-Prohibition League to nominate their best speaker to meet each other in open debate on the vexed question. Mr. W. E. Johnson (the world-famed "Pussyfoot") and Mr. Mitchell Banks were chosen by the respective societies, and Club Members were looking forward to a well-matched contest of twenty-five minutes of each side, with an opportunity of taking a part in the discussion later, should they wish to do so.

Unfortunately, students, medical and general, from various colleges in London, anxious to emulate the famous "rags" of Oxford and Cambridge, took the opportunity of rushing the meeting and bearing off "Pussyfoot" in triumph. As Mr. Johnson has been speaking nightly in numerous parts of London and elsewhere, it was unfortunate that the students should have chosen to stop the one meeting which British love of fair play should have respected. It was even more unfortunate that the "rag" should have consisted of hustling round London on a bitter cold night, a man of some fifty-six years of age, suffering from a weak heart, "christening" him with a bottle of Bass, and, finally, though the blame may not be directly theirs, in the tussle with the police for his freedom, crashing his eye against the waiting taxi, thereby causing an injury which may be permanent for life.

We all appreciate high spirits and fun, but we hope another time our students will settle on a "rag" in which true British sportingness predominates. Mr. F. A. McKenzie, who acted as chairman for the meeting, and

Members of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League on board H.M.S. *Glory*. Sent by Mr. H. Lowe, the pioneer Member, who is sponsor for all present, except one, and three others who are absent. (See p. 68.)

News from Head-quarters.

whose appeals for fair play on both sides fell on deaf ears, was also "chaired" round London, and while both victims kept smiling and behaved like true sportsmen, it cannot have failed to have been an unpleasant ordeal. Mr. Johnson is now in a nursing home, and while we are glad to say the students have made full apology to him, we feel that their best amends would be to give an early opportunity to Mr. Johnson to put his case fairly before them.

The Central Council have sent Mr. Johnson a message of deepest sympathy and regret at his misfortune.

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GLASGOW.—We are in great hopes that our first Scottish Branch may be formed in Glasgow before the end of this year. Our special commissioner, Mr. W. Davies, has been up there recently with the result that a strong nucleus of Members has been enrolled, and as we go to press a general meeting is being held to discuss the formal inauguration of a Glasgow branch, and plans for the future. Lord Blythswood is President, and Lord Weir, Sir Thomas Dunlop, Sir Donald Macalister (Principal of the Glasgow University), Sir William Beardmore, Mr. J. T. Cargill, The Lord Provost, F. C. Gardiner, and Colonel J. Smith Park have accepted the position as Vice-Presidents, while Mr. J. A. Love-Tindal has kindly become the H.C.S. and Mr. W. B. Galbraith Hon. Treasurer. Our Scottish friends everywhere across the seas will be delighted to hear this news, and we hope that club-rooms will be established where they can be welcomed when next paying a visit to their homeland.

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BRANCH FORMED AT OAKEY, QUEENSLAND.—We are delighted to hear of the formation of a branch at Oakey, Queensland, largely through the instrumentality of Mr. W. J. McGhie, our H.C.S., who has been appointed the first President. The branch is to work in close touch with the Returned Soldiers' Association, and is trying to secure a hall in order to establish a library and reading room for the use of Members. Mr. McGhie is much to be congratulated on the chain of bonfires he organised over part of Darling Downs, covering an area of over 3,000 square miles, from Toowoomba to Dalby fifty-two miles and from Mt. Russell to Cooyar sixty miles. Mr. McGhie himself fired the signal rocket from Gowrie Mountain at 9 o'clock, at the same time setting the bonfire on that landmark going. His signal was taken up and peak after peak responded until in all fully fifty fires could be counted. The bonfire lighters had a tough task in many cases, having to cut their way up hill through dense prickly pear, while the helpers on Mt. Gowrie passed up firewood from the slopes of the mountain to the summit, hand-over-hand, by a chain of workers.

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ALGECIRAS, SPAIN.—We regret to learn the death of the President of the Algeciras Branch, Mr. W. H. Smith. This Branch has also sustained a loss in Mr. Kelley, the Treasurer, leaving Spain for Brazil. However, a very energetic new treasurer has been found in Mr. Boas, and we still have the co-operation of Mr. H. Thomas, our secretary, who has just sent us in six new Members. We hope that a strong and united Branch will be maintained.

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SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA.—Mr. G. Ferrier, the Secretary and Treasurer, has just sent us in a most interesting *resumé* of the War contributions,

News from Head-quarters.

of the Saigon Branch. This Branch was formed in April, 1915, and to date has collected £24,235 for various charities. As the Branch at no time exceeded thirty-five Members, we think this is a record of which they can well be proud. By the same letter we received a cheque for more than £1,500 to be divided among St. Dunstan's and Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops.

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MAFEKING.—The following have been elected as the officers of the Mafeking Branch for the current year :—

President, Mr. Vernon Eason ; Vice-President, Mr. H. Cooper ; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Charles Ross ; Committee, Messrs. J. G. Burton, William Rosenberg, E. Lindo, W. J. Somers, Mesdames Eason, Cook (Mayoress), Cooper, Hall and Ross.

The Mafeking Branch are giving prizes to scholars for the best essays on patriotic subjects. They are also arranging a definite programme in support of our War Memorial. Our warmest thanks are due to Mr. H. Cooper, who never lets grass grow under his feet where O.S. matters are concerned.

* * * * *

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Club rooms are now in full running order, and the Secretary, Miss G. Turnley, will be disappointed if all O.S. Members passing through the city do not make a point of visiting them. They are most central, being on the second floor in 2, Bold Street (Hanover Street entrance). Bold Street is the "Bond Street" of Liverpool, and is within easy distance of all the principal stations. Mrs. N. C. Sen has just been down to give the Members a lecture on the future of the women in India, and many other functions are being organised for the coming year. The Liverpool "Wayfarers" are still going strong.

* * *

PARA, BRAZIL.—A batch of thirty-six renewals and twelve new Members' fees have just been sent us from Para, together with the sum of £94 to be allocated to various War charities. At the Annual General Meeting the following were elected as officers for the present year :—

Hon. President, Mr. G. B. Michell ; Chairman, Mr. Clinton Nicholls ; Vice-Chairman, Mr. James Bremner; Hon. Sec. and Treas., Mr. C. H. S. Browne.

* * *

ATUTAKI, COOK ISLANDS.—Mr. A. J. Lowe, President, and Mr. A. H. Browne, Secretary and Treasurer, presented an address to the Governor of New Zealand, Lord Liverpool, when he visited Cook Islands recently. In this address the Members of the Atutaki Branch say : "We reside

Our Youngest Member? Master Jack Fox, of 85, Wellington Road, New Brighton, the youngest Member of the Liverpool Branch, was booked at the age of 2½ hours. Sent by Miss G. Turnley.

News from Head-quarters.

on this remote island in the Pacific Ocean and communications with the outside world are very erratic, nevertheless our loyalty to the British Crown has always been a special feature of our community." From our knowledge of the Members of the Atutaki Branch, we can well bear this statement out.

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RIO GALLEGOS, ARGENTINE.—Mr. H. J. Elbourne, our H.C.S. at Rio Gallegos, has recently sent in over £100 for fees for Members, seventeen being Life Members !

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H.M.S. *GLORY*.—H.M.S. *Glory*, which was the last ship to leave Russia during the recent evacuation, has a special link with the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League. Originally only one member of the crew, Mr. H. Lowe, was an O.S. man, but he has used his influence to secure sixteen of his friends. A photograph of many of these new recruits appears on p. 65. We are glad to hear that our H.M.S. *Glory* Members are interested in the Photographic section, and we hope many of them will take part in the photographic competitions.

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SWATOW, CHINA.—Mr. James M. Forbes has just sent us in thirty-three Life and twenty-one renewals from the Swatow Branch. We have had the sad news from Swatow of the death of the Secretary, Mr. V. A. Maunders, who was drowned while bathing. We feel the loss to be a personal one, as Mr. Maunders always took such a keen interest in the progress of our movement. Our warmest sympathy is extended to all his relations and friends.

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TALTAL, CHILE.—Cheering news comes from Taltal. The local membership, which was only fourteen strong this time last year, has now been increased to forty-six. The Members realise that they must act as a corporate body if they are to keep interest going, and they are now organising several enjoyable functions which, it is hoped, will do much to establish the Branch on a firm basis. Our thanks are due to the Secretary, Mr. William Neal and Mr. and Mrs. Pullen, who are playing a large part in developing the social side of the Club.

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HOPEDALE, LABRADOR.—It is always cheering to receive letters from our H.C.S. at Hopedale, Mr. W. Abel, or from the Rev. W. W. Perrett, for this far-away spot with its Eskimo population and Moravian Mission keep wonderfully in touch with affairs of the outside world. The Eskimos, though by no means rich, have contributed generously to our Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund and Tobacco Fund, and are now interesting themselves in our War Memorial. This outpost of Empire only receives three mails during the year and there is great excitement when the S.S. *Harmony*, the ship of the Moravian Mission, whose Captain, Mr. J. C. Jackson, is an Over-Seas Club Member, is sighted at the end of the long winter.

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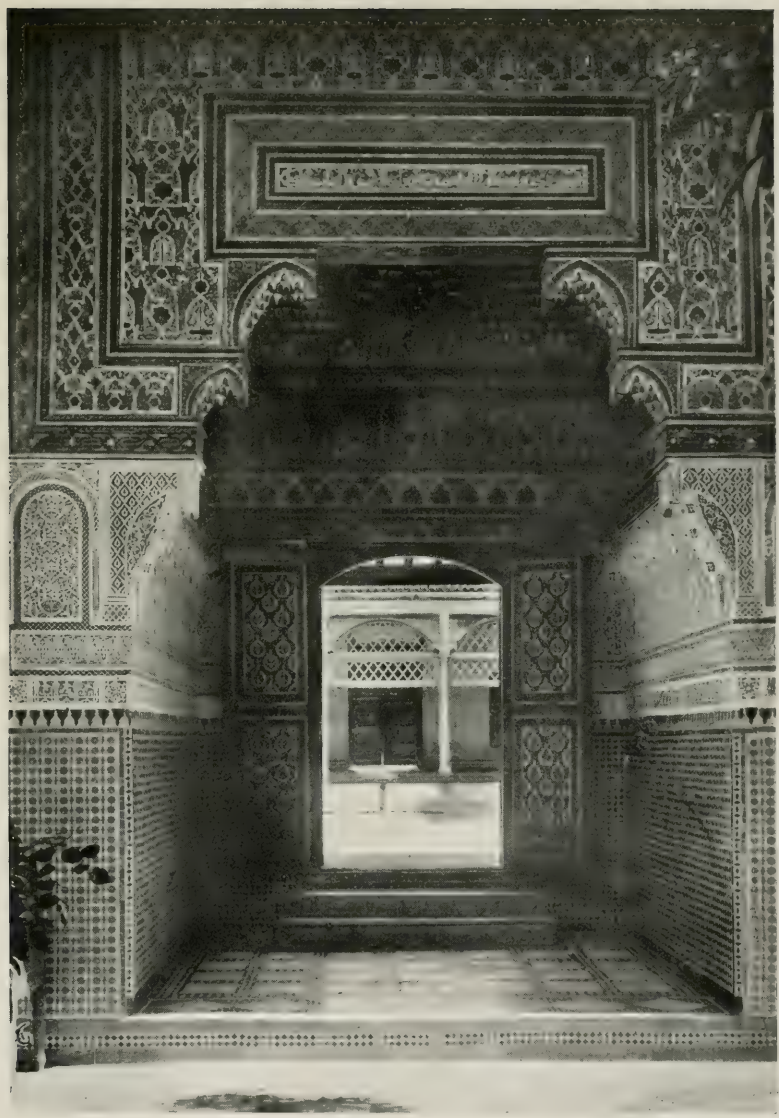
DEATH OF Dr. A. C. MacKENZIE.—It is with very much regret that we announce the death of Dr. A. C. MacKenzie, our H.C.S. at Mt. Morgan, Australia, but we are proud to hear that his death was directly due to his work in combating the 'flu epidemic, during which he never spared himself, even though he was ill himself at the time. There was only one other medical man in the town with a population of 12,000, so it is not difficult to realise the splendid service which Dr. MacKenzie rendered to his fellows before his death. H. D.

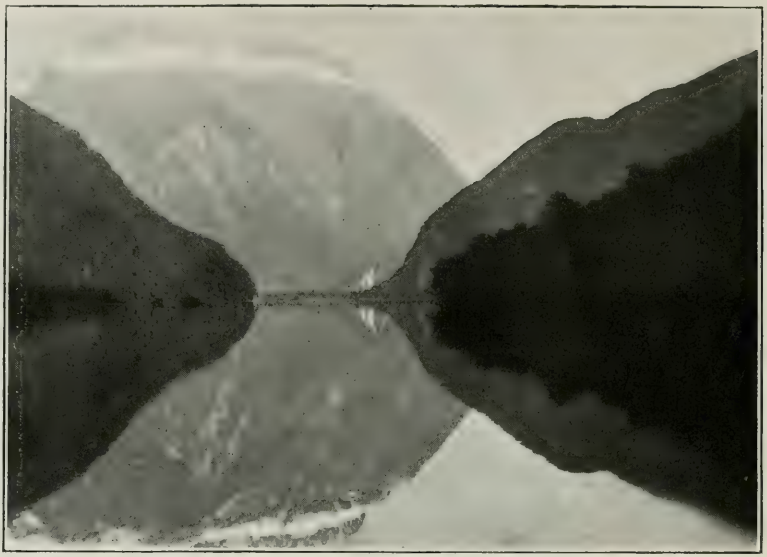


THE POMP OF KINGS.

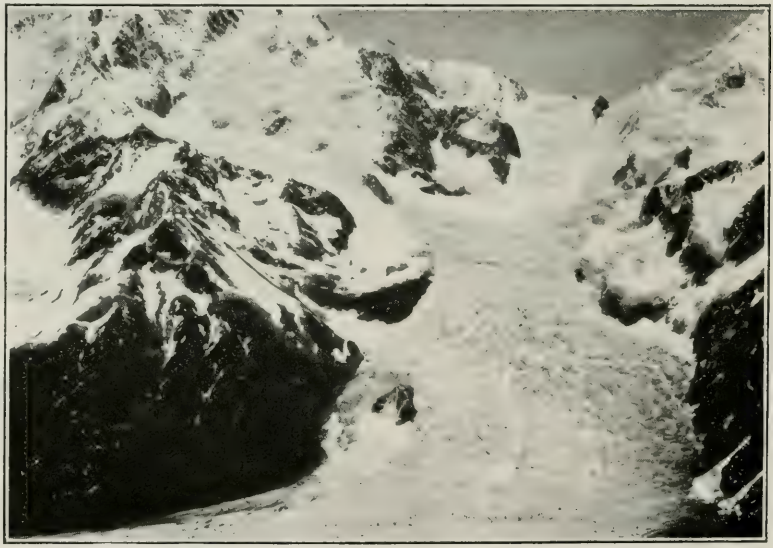
The beautiful Bahia Palace at Marrakesh, Morocco. Sent by Mr. C. G. Azzopardy, of Marrakesh.

God's Own Country.

Two Charming Photographs sent by Mr. R. A. Sutherland, 9, Hanover Terrace, Ladbroke Grove, London.



Reflections in Lake Ada, Otago, New Zealand.



A Glacier, believed to be Rob Roy, near Mt. Aspiring, New Zealand.

Overseas War Memorial

Steady Progress

By E. W.

THANKS to an anonymous amount of £1,000, the Overseas War Memorial Fund now stands at £17,199, the amount contributed during the last month being £1,322. We are therefore well within sight of the £20,000 which we want to raise by the beginning of the year. But if we are to reach the total which we have set before us, we shall require all the very best energy of all our kind friends overseas. So far, 3,500 of our friends have helped us, but we want the name of every reader of "Overseas" on our list.

The Overseas War Memorial.

Here are some extracts from our mail-bag :—

HELP FROM TONGA.—"Our committee have voted twenty guineas towards your War Memorial Fund as a donation from this Branch. The amount will be handed to you by Messrs. Lever Brothers, a receipt from whose agents is enclosed herewith.

"It has been decided to erect here something of a permanent and useful nature to the memory of the men from Tonga who fought in the War."—J. Darrell Wall, Nukualofa, Tonga, Tonga Islands, S. Pacific.

IN MEMORIAM.—"Your pamphlet *re* 'Overseas War Memorial' just received. I enclose contribution in memory of my brother, Arthur Guy Townsend, Capt., Highland Light Infantry—killed in France, September, 1917. He joined the Over-Seas Club in Singapore, and when war broke out he volunteered out there and saw fighting and was sent home wounded. He joined up afresh, and went to France, January, 1915."—Rev. C. W Townsend, c/o S. S. Percival, 18, Water-Street, Georgetown, Demerara, B.G., South America.

SPLENDID HELP FROM PUNTA ARENAS.—"I think we have already subscribed to the War Memorial through the local Branch in Punta Arenas, and perhaps by now you will be in receipt of same, but on receipt of yours I made a second appeal, and I am glad to inform you that I am able to forward you this time a cheque value £38, which I have collected amongst the few Britishers we have to-day on the farm ; it may be encouraging to you to know that every one gave what they could most cheerfully, and with the hope that their little mite will place a stone or brick in the great work which you are undertaking in remembrance of the brave fellows who have given their lives in defence of the Old Country and civilisation."—H. Jackson, Sociedad Anonima Ganadera y Comercial, Menendez-Behety, Punta Arenas, Chile, S. America.

GOOD WISHES.—"£5 5s. as a subscription to the Overseas War Memorial which I hope will rapidly mount up and that you will receive the full total required."—G. J. Coldwell, c/o P. & O. S. N. C., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

A SACRED SCHEME.—"The idea of the Overseas War Memorial is a magnificent conception worthy of the initiator. It will surely take on owing to the scheme being of so sacred a nature."—C. Stewart-Wood, 201, Church Street, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

OVERSEAS

The "Overseas" War Memorial Scales.

The dial shows over £17,199 collected, of which £1,322 was received last month. We have still a long way to go before reaching the desired total of £150,000.

THE GRAND SCHEME.—"Enclosed please find a money order being a donation from my sister and myself to the Overseas War Memorial. We feel we would like to help even in a small way and wish the grand scheme every success."—Miss Mary Hay, 33, Moorhouse Street, East Camberwell, Victoria, Australia.

KILLED AT FRESTNOY.—"I hope you will get on well with the Memorial and that I may see my son's name, who was killed at Frestnoy, on it."—F. N. Macfie, Dunchurch, Ontario, Canada.

FOUR YEARS AND TWO WEEKS AT FRONT.—"Enclosed in this letter please find banknote which I wish to be handed over to the War Memorial. I have spent four years and two weeks at the Front so I am sending it as a little thank offering for having been brought safely through everything."—S. Cdr. Duncan Giddings, 41, Vicarage Road, Hastings.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—"The Overseas War Memorial is a beautiful idea and I hope it will be carried out. I am trying to interest others in it, and have sent one book to a friend in town and asked him to pass it round."—Miss C. M. Byerley, Klipfontein Farm, P.O. Kruger's Post, Lydenburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY ARTS CLASS.—"I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of those who fell of the Arts Class 1908—11, Aberdeen University."—Mrs. C. H. Borman, Klipfontein, Spes Bona, Vredefort, O.F.S.

SAVING UP.—"I am saving up to send a decent subscription to the War Memorial Fund, in memory of many friends who 'went west' during the War, so I shall not send it along in small sums, but wait until I have a lump sum.

You might perhaps care to add to your monthly List of Members who died, the name of my father, Mr. H. Hawkins, of Harrismith, who died in February."—Miss E. B. Hawkins, Box 15, Kroonstad, O.F.S., South Africa.

GIFT OF £100.—"I take pleasure in sending you a draft for £100 for the Overseas War Memorial. I am doing this in memory of my son, Garrett, who lost his life for our cause on July 1st of last year."—Mrs. J. Henry Cochran, Williamsport, Penna., U.S.A.

A POUND A MONTH.—"As I find it rather inconvenient, as well as more expensive, to remit the instalments of £1 per month which I promised towards the War Memorial, I herewith beg to hand you the equivalent of seven instalments in the form of a demand draft on London for £7. This will bring the amount of my contribution up

to £11, and I shall do my best to send you the balance of £9 by January, 1920."—F. H. Koenitz, Sourabaya, Java, D.E. Indies. The Overseas War Memorial.

[*If every Member would send us a £1 a month we should soon reach our desired total.*]

"KEEP ON SUBSCRIBING."—"I shall endeavour to send you a further subscription for this 'grand project,' in the near future and trust every Member will keep on subscribing."—T. W. Hall, 1902, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

"APPEALS AS NOTHING EVER HAS."—"The Memorial as you define it is a noble one, and appeals to me as nothing ever has before."—Miss A. F. Wall, 88, Hancock Street, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

We want the help of every reader of "Overseas" so that we can :—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the men of the Old Country and Overseas, which will be devoted to the interests of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

LIST No. 21.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Anonymous subscriptions received during the month of November, 1919 ..				1,000	0	0
Mrs. J. Henry Cochran, Williamsport, Penna., U.S.A. ("*In memory of my son, 'Garrett,' who lost his life for our cause in July of last year*")				100	0	0
Per H. B. Owen, Hon. Treas. Johannesburg Branch, South Africa :						
E. J. S. Bolton	5	5	0			
Wm. Dodds ("*In memory of my grandson, 2nd Lt. W. M. Niven, R.A.F.*")	5	5	0			
A. E. Thiselton	5	5	0			
R. V. Latham	5	5	0			
Guild of Loyal Women (Johannesburg Branch), *per* Mrs. Lloyd ..	5	0	0			
Other donations under £5	26	0	0			
				40	0	0
Per K. Cohen, Port Ahuriri, Napier, New Zealand :						
J. Northy	5	0	0			
K. Cohen	5	5	0			
Other donations	21	9	6			
				31	14	6
The Patriotic League of Britons Overseas, Tonga Branch, *per* J. Darrell Wall, Hon. Sec., Nukualofa, Tonga				21	0	0
War Memorial Stamps				16	8	0
Per Mrs. C. K. Morris, 2458, Darragueira, Palermo, Buenos Aires, S. America ..				14	13	6
Fred H. Koenitz, Sourabaya, Java, D.E. Indies				7	0	0
Chas. H. Hardy, C. M. Customs, Yochow, *via* Hankow, China ("*In memory of Lieut. Charles Whiks, Chinese Maritime Customs, killed August, 1915*") ..				5	5	0
C. K. Paris, S.S. *Rimutaka*, c/o Thomas Saw & Co., Hope Street, Glasgow ..				5	5	0
Messrs. Martins, Ltd., 25, Haymarket, London				5	5	0
W. F. Jarman, Mohales Hoek, Basutoland, Africa				5	0	0
J. C. Robertson, Sehlatathete, P.O. Jachas Nek, Basutoland ("*In memory of my brother, Lieut. D. N. Robertson, R.F.C., killed while raiding in Germany, 1917*")				5	0	0
J. A. Compton, Marine Engineers' Institute, Shanghai, China				5	0	0
Godfrey J. Coldwell, Ambulance Transport *Assaye*, c/o G.P.O., London ..				5	0	0
Miss H. I. Cottier, Fryars, Beaumaris, Anglesey				5	0	0
				£1,271	11	0
Total of sums received under £5				51	5	9
Acknowledged last month				15,876	7	6
				£17,199	4	3

Burma's Appeal to the British Democracy

[The following article is contributed by the members of the Burmese Delegation who are now visiting London in order to press the claims of Burma to be included in the reforms recommended by the "Montagu-Chelmsford" Report. While "Overseas" takes no part in political controversies, we feel we shall not be living up to our creed, of "justice and freedom," unless we allow even the smallest sections of the Empire to voice their aspirations in our pages.—Editor.]

Burma's Appeal to the British Democracy.

BURMA is the largest province in the Indian Empire. It has an area of over 230,000 square miles and a population of over twelve millions, out of which over ten millions profess Buddhism.

At present Burma is part of India, and not only Acts like the Indian Contract Act, Civil Procedure Code, and the Indian Penal Code, but also Acts popularly known as "lawless laws," such as Rowlatt Acts, apply to her.

Parliament made the memorable announcement on August 20th, 1917, with regard to the future policy of the British rule in India. It promises us responsible government by stages. This announcement is applicable to Burma, as she is part of India.

But in the Government of India Bill now before Parliament Burma is excluded and her case left to the Local Government and the Government of India.

The reasons for exclusion given in the Joint Report of the Viceroy and Mr. Montagu are : "Burma is not India. The people belong to another race, in another stage of political development, and its problems are altogether different. The desire for elective institutions has not developed, and one Lieutenant-Governor has very recently laid down, and a new Lieutenant-Governor assumed, office."

These reasons are not sound and do not exist now. The new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir R. Craddock, though no friend of Indian and Burman aspirations, has given the direct lie to the above reasons by admitting the existence of favourable conditions in Burma for the introduction of democratic institutions. On December 17th he said :—

> "It can be confidently affirmed that Burma is endowed with many advantages, notably in respect of those conditions which favour development on democratic lines. Thus she is free from those acute religious dissensions, which militate against the co-operation of men of different creeds. Toleration of the scruples and prejudices of others is a ruling tenet in her religion. There is an

Burma's Appeal to the British Democracy.

entire absence of caste and no marked cleavages of social distinction or occupation exist. The man of humble birth has in Burma always been able to rise as high as ability and education might carry him. The emancipated condition of the Burmese women conspicuously distinguishes Burma from India, and though secondary education may be backward, nowhere in India has primary education reached so high a stage of development. And among the indigenous races, as distinct from the immigrants from China or India, the extremes both of wealth and poverty are far less marked than in any Indian province."

This opinion was again confirmed by him on August 2nd, 1919, when he said :—

> " There are features in the social system of Burma which mark it out as *primâ facie* a more promising soil for the introduction of electoral institutions than can be found in India. The widely diffused primary education already mentioned, the emancipated condition of women, the freedom from violent religious antipathies, the great tolerance of the Buddhist religion, the absence of a landed aristocracy, of caste distinctions, and of hereditary occupations—all these are factors which tell strongly in favour of the ultimate success of democratic institutions. The great development of Co-operative Credit Societies and their allied associations . . . is the strongest proof that the organisation of local self-government in rural Burma has been most unduly deferred, and is one of the most pressing wants of our administration."

These are Sir R. Craddock's own admissions. It may also be added that what the people are fighting for in England, and so far without success, viz., the nationalisation of land, thanks to the indigenous system which was in existence long before the advent of the British, the land in Burma has always been, and is still, the property of the State. It will therefore be seen that there are no valid reasons for exclusion unless the Government intends to give Burma better reforms than other parts of India. But does Burma get better reforms ? No, she does not. The scheme of the Local Government is thoroughly bad and reactionary. It is opposed to the letter and spirit of the announcement. It does not give any measure of responsibility to the representatives of the people. According to the words of the Government of India, " The main principle of the Burma scheme may be described as association rather than responsibility." The proposed Legislature will have no control over the budget or over the executive. As a result, the whole country is opposed to the scheme. To make matters worse, the scheme, bad as it is, has not reached the India Office, for the Government of Burma delayed the submission of same to the Government of India.

It might now be wondered why Burma should be excluded. The reasons stated in the Joint Report do not exist. There are no valid reasons, but the other day Mr. Lionel Curtis, of " Round Table " fame, who had a great share in drafting the Montagu-Chelmsford

Burma's Appeal to the British Democracy.

Report, gave evidence before the Parliamentary Joint Committee, stating that "Lord Curzon's policy in the North-Western Provinces should be continued eastwards, and that it ought to be recognised that the Indian frontier was a great Imperial factor, and that Burma should be excluded from the Government of India Bill." Does this mean that Burma should be under quasi-military rule? Is it politic? Is it in the interest of the Empire? Can there be a strong frontier if the people are discontented, poor and helpless? Undoubtedly a self-governing, contented and prosperous Burma is a stronger bulwark to the great Imperial frontier in the East than any that is possible under bureaucratic rule.

But this surmise may therefore not be true. Then there must be other reasons. Burma is, according to the Lieutenant-Governor, the richest undeveloped province in the Indian Empire. She produces large quantities of rice, beans, oil seeds, and other cereals, timber, cotton, cutch, rubber, hides, tungsten, lead, petroleum, and many other valuable products. Under the existing form of government the people do not enjoy a due share of the wealth of their own country. Burma is rich and prosperous. But the children of the soil are poor. Under the proposed scheme of Sir R. Craddock it is feared that the people's position might be worse, but if Burma gets the same measure of reform as the rest of India the people may hope to develop the country to suit their own genius and requirements, and this without any prejudice to the interests of the Empire.

Entrance to Wat Cheng, Buddhist Temple, at Bangkok. Sent by Mr. J. Mackay, Bangkok.

Is it right, is it just, and is it fair to deny the Burmese their natural rights? Will the British Government, which claims to be a democratic Government and has always been the champion of liberty, justice and fair play, and the enemy of autocracy and bureaucracy, preserve and perpetuate bureaucracy in Burma, and that against the wishes of her people?

Burma and her people appeal to the British public and press to give their support and sympathy, not passive support and sympathy alone, but active, intelligent and strong support, that will lead them to the goal of self-government within the British Empire.

MAUNG PU.
BA PE.
TUN SHEIN.

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

THE GREAT SILENCE.

"Silent lie our British Isles
On the bosom of the sea,
Silent, while two minutes knit
Time into eternity."

HERE is not a man nor a woman in the Empire to whom the War meant anything at all, who is not grateful, I am sure, to the King for his suggestion that we should pause in our work and for two minutes think of our Glorious Dead. **From a Woman's Standpoint.**

Nothing could have been simpler, nothing more dramatic, nothing more fitting.

Think of it, visualise it for a moment, millions and millions of human beings in the full tide of their daily activity, their minds occupied with all sorts of petty, trivial, fleeting concerns, suddenly dropping everything, standing where they were, in street and factory, in home and school, and reaching out in thought and heart to the great company of the unseen.

Fortunate indeed were those of us who were in London at the time, where the contrast perhaps was more apparent than elsewhere. I set out at 10.30, hoping at first to get to Whitehall, but soon, seeing it was hopeless, climbed on to the top of bus No. 14, which took me up Knightsbridge, down the whole length of Piccadilly, into Piccadilly Circus, through which the usual throng of men and vehicles were surging. There was anticipation in the air ; people kept looking at their watches ; three men stood on the roof of the Criterion (I think it was) waiting for the signal to hoist the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes and the French flag half-mast.

IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS.—Then on the stroke of 11 we heard the maroons go off, and instantly the kaleidoscope of men, motors, and buses stopped as if a magic wand had passed over them, compelling them to stay where they were ; every head was bared ; silence fell. As the seconds passed the silence became deeper, and England (I use the word in its wider sense) became for those brief wonderful moments a vast cathedral of united, praying people.

For once religion was brought right into the market-place, and something of our restless triviality seemed to be swallowed up by that intrusion of the eternal.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

How pleased and happy must those who see " with larger, other eyes than ours " have been by our silent homage ! For them too it must have been a beautiful experience. And I make no doubt that their thoughts mingled with ours in a passionate resolve to rebuild the new world nearer to the heart's desire. . . .

Then a little child grew restive at the strange silence and at the sight of grown-ups praying in the street, the motors began to throb again, the men put on their hats, the frozen people came to life, the buses moved forward, and the two most wonderful minutes in the world were over.

As I walked up Shaftesbury Avenue I passed a school and heard the voices of children singing a hymn.

Late in the day, between 9 and 10 p.m., I passed the Cenotaph in Whitehall, a black circle of human beings still moving round its base, laying their tributes of love even at that late, cold hour, for it was a bitter night, and looking at the beautiful wreaths and flowers laid there by the King and Queen, President Poincaré and countless humbler folk.

THE LURE OF THE SHOP.—Nowadays every one is obliged to think of money-making, and a good deal of originality is being displayed.

A crop of shops is being opened all over London by men and women who, before the War, no more thought of going into business than of flying over the moon, exciting, and not altogether impossible, as that sounds to-day.

One woman, an artist, has opened a slip of a shop in Chelsea, where she sits all day and does leather work, making bags and purses, and carrying out customers' own designs. She sells jumpers too, and old brass, or indeed anything that is beautiful.

There is another little shop in the same neighbourhood where two women make and sell toys : Peter Rabbit and his plump mother with an apron tied round her middle, and white wooden doves, and green-grocers' shops.

Another woman, a futurist, has started a hat shop on the top floor of an old house, and there, arrayed in an early Victorian crinoline, she creates startling hats out of all sorts of queer embroideries and old bits of worsted and bead work, such as our grandmothers and great-grandmothers spent long hours in making.

THE LEISURED CLASS IN BUSINESS.—Six demobilised officers have turned an old mews, up Bayswater way, into an antique furniture shop. They call it " The Old Farm." There you can have tea upstairs in what used to be the loft, and look at the beautiful tables and chairs and cupboards at the same time. One of the men was a lawyer before the War ; when he came back, most of his clients had gone elsewhere, and always having loved what was

From a Woman's Standpoint.

old and beautiful, he decided to become an antique dealer. He told a friend of mine he was enjoying himself as he never had enjoyed himself in his life.

Enterprise, energy, initiative, are in the air. One lady of high degree, not wanting to give up her old house, has turned it into an up-to-date hotel, and she manages it herself. Two other women of birth and breeding are going to start a very *recherche* restaurant, and are sensible enough to wish to keep it as inexpensive as possible.

Is it a mere idle dream to suppose that bit by bit commerce will be revolutionised and beautified by the new spirit of the times, that looks upon every business as so much service to the State ?

Personally, I do not think it a dream. After all, trade is one of the most important and fascinating occupations in the world, and is full of romance.

THE BARON AND HIS LINEN.—The other day in Belfast I spent an hour with one of the big wholesale linen merchants there, and found his stories enthralling.

Although I have lived most of my life in Ireland, I never knew that the finest flax was grown in Belgium and Russia. Only the coarser kinds have hitherto been produced in Ireland. But Ireland intends to be self-supporting now, and grow her own flax.

I was shown a specimen of the most beautiful fine white linen, that before the War was bought and made up into collars for the "aristocratic trade" of Paris and Vienna, glossy and soft as silk. It is unprocurable to-day.

The Paris buyer, who visited Belfast regularly, always bought a piece of this special linen, 120 yards, every three or four months, and at last the curiosity of my friend was aroused, and he asked the buyer for what purpose he so often wanted just that particular amount of linen ; and he was told it was a standing order from one of the wealthiest men in Europe, Baron R., who had his entire shirts, not merely his collars, made of this beautiful material. I leave my mathematical readers to calculate how many shirts that French nobleman bought every year.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.—Some of you will be reading these lines about Christmas-time, in all sorts of strange and remote places. I like to think of my unknown acquaintances in all parts of the world, and often hope I tell you what you want to hear and know. I send you all my sincere good wishes for a Happy Christmas.

A WAYFARER.

"Overseas" wishes every reader a right Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MY MONTH'S READING

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

"LITERARY STUDIES."—When Mr. Charles Whibley writes on latter-day political or social subjects, I usually read something else: he seems so curiously out of touch with the modern spirit, looks upon the ordinary, undignified man from such a superior and old-fashioned standpoint, that his dissertations in that kind make no appeal to me. But whenever he turns his back on those vexed questions of the hour and gives us anything like his "Literary Portraits," "A Book of Scoundrels," or his brochure on Thackeray, I am one of his faithful readers, and as such I have read and enjoyed his new collection of "Literary Studies." The essays included are on "The Chroniclers and Historians of the Tudor Age"; "Tudor Translators"; "Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Time"; "Sir Walter Raleigh"; "The Court Poets"; "Congreve and Some Others"; "An Underworld of Letters"; and "Jonathan Swift."

The studies are more historical than critical; that on Congreve and his contemporaries, and the sympathetic, brilliant little character sketch of Swift are admirable; but, though one has no inclination to single out this or that as best where all are good, perhaps the freshest and most interesting of the essays are those in which Mr. Whibley turns from the highway of literature and goes exploring into picturesque byways, as he does when he writes of the motley innumerable types of rogue and vagabond that infested town and country in Shakespeare's day; or of the translators in the Tudor era who captured and Englished the treasures of foreign literature and, in "An Underworld of Letters," of their successors who carried on the same good work a century or so later—scholars and variously gifted men, these last, who, if they did not actually belong to Grub Street, lived only just round the corner.

A MARK TWAIN VOLUME.—For the most part, "What Is Man? and Other Essays," which Chattos have just added to their uniform edition of Mark Twain's works, gives us Mark in his more serious vein. There are some characteristically humorous things in the book, one or two that have not hitherto been printed, but we start with a long, sternly philosophic dialogue in which Mark proves by logical argument that no man's merits or demerits are his own, that he has no thoughts, ideas, virtues, vices that originate with

himself, but in all he thinks, dreams, does is merely the slave of outside influences ; and we end the volume with " Is Shakespeare Dead ? " Mark Twain's well known contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy and his confession of faith that the plays were not written by the Stratford Shakespeare. Those who are rashly supplying the Sinn Fein movement with martyrs might read " A Scrap of Curious History " with profit ; but by far the most memorable piece of writing in the volume is " The Death of Jean " —that strange, poignant prose elegy he wrote while his daughter lay newly dead in the house. Jean had been found lying dead in her room. His wife and another daughter had died some years before ; his only living child was with her husband in Germany ; and he was alone in the world, and an old man.

" She lies there, and I sit here," he writes, " . . . writing, busying myself to keep my heart from breaking. . . . Seventy-four years old twenty-four days ago. Seventy-four years old yesterday —who can estimate my age to-day ? " She had died on Christmas Eve, and he chronicles how he had been to her room and found the present she had meant to give him to-morrow. He sets down whatever passes through his mind, memories of Jean, of their life together, anything that comes uppermost. Four days ago he had returned from a holiday at Bermuda, and the newspapers had published false reports that he was ill and dying, and Jean felt he should write and contradict them for the sake of the sister in Germany. " There was reason in that, so I sent a humorous paragraph by telephone to the Associated Press denying the ' charge ' that I was dying, and saying ' I would not do such a thing at my time of life.' Jean was a little troubled, and did not like to see me treat the matter so lightly. This morning I sent the sorrowful facts of

" Feathers " Inn, Ludlow. A lovely example of the old black-and-white building. Many of the rooms have fine oak beams and panelling. Sent by Mrs. Bird, Belmont, Kington, Herefordshire.

My Month's Reading.

this day's irremediable disaster to the Associated Press. Will both appear in this evening's papers ?—the one so blithe, the other so tragic." It may be morbid here and there, and here and there self-conscious, but those touches of self-consciousness only testify to the frankness of its self-revelation.

"LONDON MEN IN PALESTINE."—So far, less has been written of the Palestine Campaign than of any other phase of the War, and for this reason and because it tells a realistic story of personal experiences graphically and interestingly, there should be a ready public for Captain Rowlands Coldicott's "London Men in Palestine." The story begins just after the battle of Sheria, at which Captain Coldicott won his M.C., and finishes after the taking of Jerusalem, when he was wounded on the Mount of Olives. "The taking of Jerusalem ! What a romance it was. And here was I, once a dweller in London, planting little bodies of men armed with machine guns on the rocky steeps in Palestine, so that my piece of Judæa should be kept safe that night. I thrilled with nervous pleasure and excitement." There are the vividest descriptions of the country, of the hardships and heroisms of that campaign, and some delightful sketches of character, for Captain Coldicott has a sense of humour, and bears no ungrudging testimony to the cheerfulness and the pluck of his Cockney battalion.

I am putting into the list below a few of the best novels of the month, and shall use the rest of my space to recommend three or four Christmas books. There are so many of these and they are in such variety that it is difficult to make choice among them ; but to give away to the children you may safely get "Cinderella," in which C. S. Evans very charmingly retells and amplifies the old story, and Arthur Rackham illustrates it with one or two colour pictures and a number of exquisite silhouette drawings. For older readers there are Sir Henry Newbolt's great stories of British travellers and explorers in "The Book of the Long Trail" ; and for adults there are "Romances of Old Japan," a collection of eerie, grim or charming tales of the days of the Samurai ; and "The Golden Book of Famous Women," an anthology of prose and verse about women famous in real life or fiction—from Queen Guinevere and Joan of Arc to Mrs. Gamp and Maggie Tulliver—beautifully illustrated in colour by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : "Literary Studies," by Charles Whibley. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.) "What is Man ? and other Essays," by Mark Twain. 7s. net. (Chatto & Windus.) "London Men in Palestine," by Rowlands Coldicott. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.) "Cinderella," retold by C. S. Evans. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.) "The Book of the Long Trail," by Sir Henry Newbolt. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.) "Romances of Old Japan," translated by Madame Ozaki. Illustrated by Japanese artists. £1 10s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Dress in the New Era.—I.

[*Please co-operate with us to make this section of the greatest possible value to all who are home-making throughout our Empire. A constant exchange of ideas should help the most experienced housewife. Mrs. Ernestine Mills, who edits our Home-Makers' pages, is ready to answer questions or to give any advice for which our readers may ask her.*]

Dress in the New Era.—I.

LESS than twenty years ago a young girl was riding a bicycle along a quiet street in a London suburb. She wore an inconspicuous dress of some woollen material, made, as was the fashion in those days, with large puffy sleeves and a very long skirt. To prevent any chance of the wind disturbing her skirt it was attached to her ankles by bands of elastic which were then sold for the purpose. So handicapped she rode slowly along, when a dustman observed her. Bicycling for women was new in those days, therefore the man put down his basket with an exclamation, carefully selected the largest cinder he could find, and threw it at the girl, shouting as he did so, "Girls didn't ought ter ride bikes."

Ten years later, when girls on cycles were too numerous to excite even dustmen, another young woman, who had been a gymnastic teacher, tried the experiment of cycling in her gymnasium costume of serge when going long rides with her husband. The short skirt and knickers were safer and less fatiguing than a long dress, but the insults to which she was subjected made her quickly abandon the practice.

Nowadays, in London, we often see on a fine morning jolly, healthy-looking girls polishing the windows of large shops. They wear a quite becoming dress, a loose brown coat and trousers; they run up and down ladders—just as our schoolgirls do in their gymnasiums—with safety and propriety, doing their work efficiently, and—no one takes any notice of them! Walking down Bond Street last June we met a smart elderly lady, dressed—as elderly ladies do dress in Bond Street. By her side stepped a very beautiful tall girl, with real roses in her cheeks (rare, these, in Bond Street!). She wore a land girl's uniform, spotless white smock, breeches and gaiters, and a soft green felt hat. And no one even stared at her! It has needed a world war to make it possible for a

Dress in the New Era.—I.

woman to wear clothing suited to her occupation. An inestimable gain to women, which we ought to be very careful not to lose, is that we may now, if we so desire, wear clothes which show that we possess two legs without exciting ridicule.

Curiously enough, the dress of the stage Rosalind was always considered becoming, but the early attempts at so-called "rational dress" were, like our original bathing dresses, singularly ugly and cumbersome. When women learnt to swim we quickly realised that a heavy blue serge sack coming down to the ankles was not really the only possibility in the way of a decent bathing dress; indeed, it was almost as dangerous as the terrible Victorian riding habit, which trailed far below the feet, and must have cost many women their lives. Now that women are generally leading more active and healthy lives, we are beginning, for the first time, to consciously adapt our clothing to our occupations.

Of course, there are still women who seek to be conspicuous at any cost, who buy bathing dresses in which it is impossible to bathe, and walking dresses in which it is impossible to walk, and underclothes which it is impossible to wash, but these are really an insignificant, though much advertised, minority; they are the idle women who live on, not for, the community. All normal women, and indeed most normal men too, love beautiful clothes, but unfortunately few of us have the early training, or the inborn taste, which would enable us to judge what is really beautiful, and to be firm enough to reject what traders thrust upon us as "what is worn now." That is why so many of us look uglier than we ought to!

In trains and omnibuses it is the commonest thing to see a beautiful face absolutely disfigured by some terrible clash of colour or shape. In hats, especially, women often seem to have no discrimination at all; one year we are told that "they" are wearing large hats, and immediately the smallest, fattest women may be seen in cartwheel hats, which give them the appearance of walking mushrooms! This year milliners seem to have decreed that hats must all be worn, not straight, but at an angle, and what should be a sweet, dignified matron enters our omnibus with a rakish-looking hat entirely covering one eye, and with a long plume, known as "paradise," wagging over the end of her nose! It is comforting to remember that there was a time when men were just as foolish about their hats as women are now. In Montaigne's "Travels," written in 1530, there is a delightful description of the hat of an old gentleman who, "afflicted with divers infirmities," was taking the cure at the baths of Lucca. Montaigne says, quite seriously, "He was the first person I saw wearing one of those big hats of peacock's feathers and covered with light taffetas; the crown, a good palm's height, was thick, and had within-side a coif of sarcenet made to fit the head so that the sun might not strike upon it. It was

surrounded by a curtain a foot and a half wide, to serve the purpose of our parasols, which are indeed very inconvenient to use on horseback." This wondrous triumph of the hatter's art was not worn by a young man, but by an old merchant. Indeed, when we remember all the absurdities in dress formerly common to men as well as to women, the wigs, powdered curls, pads, silks, ruffles, frills and furbelows, we may take heart of grace, and trust that we are all growing too sensible and too busy for these follies to return. **Dress in the New Era.—I.**

The recent railway strike did one good service in giving a sharp lesson to the little shop girls and clerks who had hitherto been content to totter in and out of trains and omnibuses in appallingly high-heeled shoes. They soon realised that it would have been wiser to invest in shoes in which at least a few miles could be walked in comfort. We are never quite sure whether the boot-makers or the public are to blame for the difficulty experienced in buying shoes with reasonable heels. Nothing is really less attractive than the pinched toe and the distorted instep propped upon a peg three or four inches high. Do we choose these things, or are they thrust upon us? One begins to fear we are approaching the Chinese ideal of the ghastly deformed stump upon which their ladies totter, but even in China this is said to be going out of fashion, and their women are learning to walk. Their foot-binding was rather more painful in the process than our once-admired wasp waists, but perhaps not more unhealthy. With the ever-increasing cost of both materials and labour, and with the increasing value of women's time and energy, it would be well if some of us could devote ourselves to devising various beautiful and standardised types of dress which would withstand the constant erratic and uneconomic changes of fashion without becoming monotonous or dowdy. There is a great opportunity for co-operation among thoughtful women on these lines.

ERNESTINE MILLS.

The Best Way

All senders of "Best Way" hints are invited to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of "Overseas."

The Best Way.

INFLUENZA PREVENTATIVE.—I should like to draw the attention of Members of the Over-Seas Club to a very simple and most effectual preventative of influenza which is recommended strongly by the Victoria Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Price, who stated that it is the preventative against "flu" that is recommended by the Old Country doctors, viz., wash out the throat and nose twice a day with salt dissolved in warm (not hot) water. Dr. Price says, and from my own experience I quite believe it, that he has not heard of a single case of "flu" where the above prevention has been regularly practised. I make it a part of my morning toilet to wash out my nose

The Best Way.

by sniffing up salt and water, as I find that by doing so I keep free from colds, which I have for many years been subject to—unusually heavy ones they were too. Since adopting this treatment nearly a year ago I have not had a single cold. I seldom use the salt and water more than once a day.—Harold Corbett, Box 408, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

THE FOLLOWING THREE USEFUL HINTS are sent by Miss K. Jacques, Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough :—

1. Should your storeroom be infested with mice who disregard traps, find the hole they come through and plug it with cotton wool saturated with oil of peppermint. This has been entirely satisfactory here, and the mice have never returned.

2. To keep maidenhair fern from dying in vases when it has been picked, put the stalks straight into a jug containing very hot water and leave the fern in the jug for ten minutes.

3. When satin slippers are soiled and shabby just paint them with oil paint.

TO REMOVE BRUISES FROM FURNITURE.—Wet the bruised spots with warm water. Soak a piece of brown paper of several thicknesses in warm water and lay over the place. Then apply a warm flat-iron until the moisture is gone. Repeat the process, if needful, and the bruises will disappear.

WHAT AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER HAS LEARNED.—That a piece of cork is better than cloth for applying brick to knives. That clabbered milk is better than water for freshening salt fish. That apples which take a long time to bake should have a little water in the pan. That if we wish to prolong our lives we should put one day between washing and ironing. That half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook nearly as quickly as a young one, and does not injure the flavour in the least. That to take rust out of steel you should cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed in, leave for forty-eight hours, then rub with unslaked lime until the rust disappears.—Miss F. E. Cowburn, 36, Stafford Road, Brighton, Sussex.

GREEN DYE.—I found out quite by accident, a short time ago, that South American *maté* makes a very good soft dark green dye. Woollen things soaked in water in which a bag full of *maté* has been placed—a coffee-cup full of *maté* to a medium-sized saucepan—and simmered, not boiled, until dark enough, become a very pretty colour, which appears to be quite fast.—Miss Barraud, c/o Y.W.C.A., 245, San Martin, Buenos Aires.

CHEESE AND POTATO PIE.—Take two pounds of potatoes, one ounce cooking fat, one ounce flour, one egg (or dried egg), half a pint of skim milk or vegetable stock, salt, pepper, grated cheese for flavouring, a little fine flour. Boil, peel, and slice potatoes, hard-boil egg. Make a white sauce as follows : melt a little margarine in a pan, stir in a little fine flour, and mix well with the back of a spoon. Add gradually the milk or stock, stir until boiling, boil slowly for ten minutes, season, and, lastly, add the grated cheese. Arrange the potatoes and egg in layers in a pie-dish, cover with the sauce, sprinkle with flour, and bake until brown.—Miss C. M. C. Smith, Kirkbeck, Formby, Liverpool.

HEEL PROTECTORS.—Take a pair of old black or tan kid gloves. From the palms cut out a pair of heels, from the wrists cut straight strips about 1⅛ inches deep and long enough to oversew on to the edge of the heels. Sew elastic to the upper corners to form the strap across the instep. These " protectors " not only protect the stockings, but serve to grip the shoe to the foot, thus in two ways preventing holes in the stockings.—Miss H. R. Hope, c/o Dr. Long, Maseru, Basutoland, S. Africa.

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Readers are invited to correspond with fellow Members.

A CHIVALROUS DOG.—I think the following incident may interest your readers, and I should be glad to know if any one else has observed traits of chivalry in dogs or other animals.

A friend of mine, living last winter in the suburbs of Buenos Aires, had a long, narrow garden running parallel to a similar strip belonging to an Argentine family next door. These people, in the barbarous fashion that obtains here, had a collie watchdog continually chained to his kennel, which was placed against the wire fence that divided the gardens. The chain was long enough for him to move a few feet on either side of the kennel, and my friend's children, a little boy and girl, made friends with the dog. They used to take him bones and scraps, and play with him.

One pouring wet evening, cold with the penetrating cold of a sodden flat country, a female dog found her way in from the street, and evidently begged shelter from the collie, for he was found in the morning outside his kennel, half dead from cold and wet, while the female dog, an entire stranger, was comfortably installed inside the kennel with five newly-born puppies.

The poor collie never recovered from the exposure, but died shortly afterwards of rheumatic fever. I think many a Christian might be proud to have acted with equal self-sacrifice.—M. M. B., Argentine.

[*Perhaps some other readers have some similar stories they would like to send us.*]

THE LAND OF MANANA.—As it happens, out here in Colombia there are a lot of inconveniences, and I am rather afraid the climate does not tend to make one very active. This year we have had the hottest spell I have experienced since living here, and, although this is our rainy season, we had no rain in the months of July and August.

The one great word of the Colombians is "manana," to-morrow, and I somewhat fear we fall into the habit of putting off things till to-morrow, and so the time slips by ; but I hope to do better in the future as regards writing.

I must say I look forward with great pleasure to the arrival of the magazine. I enjoy reading every page, and hope some day to send you an article on a day in our life out here in Barranquilla. I love reading and comparing the experiences of others in different parts of the world, and I have come to the conclusion that life is more or less the same in the different tropical countries.

I think the Republic of Colombia has a great future before her, as she is a very rich country, with all kinds of climates for agricultural produce, and good mines. She possesses the finest emerald mines, and is now producing platinum in great quantities. With good emigration and foreign capital Colombia will develop, and will in time be one of the coming republics of South America. There has been no revolution here for the last eighteen years.—Mrs. John Gillies, c/o Messrs. Tracey Bros., Barranquilla, Colombia, South America.

"A REGULAR ROLLING STONE." —I have often read with interest in

The Overseas Forum.

our "Overseas" magazine of the many and various occupations some of its Members have tackled in their overseas life ; and wonder if many can beat me. I landed in this country in August, 1894, from "the Smoke," and from that time until the present have been mounted policeman, plumber's assistant, debt collector, stockbroker's clerk, secretary to a laundry, soldier, advertisement canvasser, native recruiting agent, trader, singer, storekeeper, and auctioneer, or, in all, a regular rolling stone ; but, thank God, through it all I am still well, happy and make a decent living.—T. W. Harding, General Merchant, Modderpoort, O.F.S., South Africa.

[*As our American cousins say, "Can you beat it?"*]

AN "OVERSEAS" PICTURE GALLERY.—I must congratulate you, and thank you, too, for those delightful little frontispieces in "Overseas."

My wife and I left England in June, 1918, travelling overland via Lisbon, and it was impossible either to take pictures with us then or in our baggage owing to strict censorship regulations ; in consequence we had to start our home here with a few photos we had (unwittingly !) smuggled through, and the "Overseas" pictures have each been daintily framed, one by one, and now our walls reflect the best of the "Dear Homeland."

They are just the right size for a small room, and are wonderfully chosen, differing, not only in locality, but also in subject and colouring.—C. Haddon Turner, Caixa 56, Santos, Brazil, S. America.

"THIS LAND OF DISTANCES."—I think I told you before that I am situated in the land of distances. You, in the Old Country, could never realise what it means. Just to give you some slight idea, I will mention a few things. We are just 198 miles from Peak Hill, our nearest post office. Our nearest neighbour is 80 miles away, our nearest railway 267, and nearest port 300 miles. We run a cattle station, or you may know the term ranch better, and do not meet with a great number of people in these sparsely populated parts.—J. J. Maguire, Turee Station, via Peak Hill, Western Australia.

[*Can any other Members beat this record? 267 miles from a railway station is pretty good.*]

THE ISSUE OF NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS.—I am sure that all our Members who are collecting stamps will be pleased to learn that the oldest Colony (now Dominion) of Newfoundland dedicated very fittingly her first new issue after the War to the memory of all her heroic sons who answered the call in 1914–18, and served with the British Army and Navy in this great struggle just ended.

The stamps are of twelve denominations and of simple design, all carrying a caribou head in scroll. (The caribou is the native deer, the caribou head being the cap-badge of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment.)—F. F. Wills, 326, Duckworth Street, St. Form, Newfoundland.

BELOW ZERO IN BRAZIL.—Three days ago the thermometer went down to just below zero, yet many people only think of Brazil as of a very hot place.—A. Bruce Johnston, Caixa do Correio 38, Piracicaba, Sao Paulo, Brazil, S. America.

THE OLD DAYS OF 1906. –Immediately after the conclusion of the War the banks commenced opening new branches, the Commerce, as usual, in the foreground. We must have opened at least fifty in the last two months, and as a consequence here I am located in a village of about thirty population, eighteen miles south-west of Melfort. We opened four new branches within a radius of twenty miles of that town.

During the last four weeks it was rather a tough proposition ; in fact, now one has to sleep in the office and, in lieu of a safe, carry the cash

round. The day we drove out here (Sunday, by the way) was way below zero, and a biting wind ; we had to wrap up like Eskimos. The first two nights we camped on the floor with horse blankets and rugs. My companion drove on another ten miles to the next town, and we opened a branch there, leaving one of us in each town for the first month. The reason we had no assistant was the fact that the banks are awaiting the return of their men from overseas. A few days ago I managed to obtain a temporary clerk, a farmer's daughter who lived a mile from town, and things are shaping better every day. Quite like the old days of 1906.

We have what is called a " mixed train " every Monday ; but we do not count on it much for passenger service. I hope this little bit of personal experience will prove interesting; also I might add that, in ten years with the bank, this is my forty-fifth move in the Canadian North-West.

I have been visiting with the farmers during the week ends, and had a very pleasant time. There are a lot of Old Country people around here, and I have succeeded in interesting some of them in the Club, as you will see by the five new applications enclosed. I think there are at least two more promised, which will be forwarded by a later mail. The half-dozen Club magazines which arrived a few days ago just came in handy here, and I want you to keep sending me six every month. You will not mind as long as I get the results, will you ?—A. Bushby, c/o Canadian Bank of Commerce, Melfort, Saskatchewan, Canada.

[*We shall be delighted to send " Overseas " to the friends of Members if they will forward the addresses to which they wish specimen copies sent.*]

PORK PIES AND CIDER.—We initiated our first " Old Country smoker " at the Seattle Over-Seas Club-house last Saturday, and it was a pronounced success. Mr. Blogg says that we can assure Mr. Jones of plenty of good cigars, Melton Mowbray pork pies, and sweet cider, not forgetting this is a " dry " State, as our male Members will be sure to want another " smoker " when Mr. Jones comes.—Mrs. K. Westaway, 404, Thirteenth Avenue North, Seattle, Washington, U.S.A.

BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES—BUT AUSTRALIAN FARM HANDS ARE.—We commence work here at 5.30 a.m., and are seldom finished till 6.30 p.m. It is now the end of winter, but the sun does not rise till 6.45 a.m., and after tea there are horses to be fed. Britons never shall be slaves, but Australian farm hands are very near it.—F. W. Roberts, c/o H. J. Breakell, Bolka, via Menedin, Western Australia.

" GOOD SCOTCH."—Kindly note the correct spelling of my surname—'tis good Scotch, eh ? With every good wish for the continued success of the Club.—J. L. Ochiltree, Architect and Building Surveyor, Weld Chambers, Perth, W. Australia.

" QUITE UNINTERESTING."—With regard to the magazine, I find this quite uninteresting, and, therefore, think you should not waste postage in sending it. You will find most Members in this part of the world, I think, of the same opinion.—E. S. Leeds, Messrs. F. S. Leeds & Co., Newchang, China.

[*As far as I can recollect this is the first letter of the kind I have received. Will some readers of " Overseas " tell Mr. Leeds what they think about our magazine ?*]

THE OPPOSITE VIEW.—The magazine gives so much pleasure to me, and also to numerous others to whom I pass it, that I should be very sorry not to get it.—Mrs. E. Heighway, 38, Beach Road, Durban, Natal, S. Africa.

FROM FANNING ISLAND.—You will notice that the address given on

The Overseas Forum.

the new Member's form is "Pacific Cable Station, Southport, Queensland," and I shall be glad if you will kindly cause the badge and card of membership to be forwarded direct to that address. I am still in hopes of being able to send you a few more names later on ; we cannot afford to slacken off our efforts even if the War is over.—C. R. Haines, Fanning Island, via Honolulu, Hawaii.

[*What about sending Christmas greetings to the little branch of overseas Members on Fanning Island?*]

A CHILLY PLACE.—Here we have winter and snow, and the winds are strong from the high, mountainous Lapland.—John Nordenmark, Stadsingenior, Kiruna, Sweden.

ENTERTAINING ADMIRAL JELLICOE.—I might say that there was a meeting in Hilo recently of Over-Seas Members on this island, to perfect and send an invitation to Admiral Jellicoe to visit Hawaii and its most wonderful volcano, the *New Zealand*, its officers and crew to be the guests of the Over-Seas Members.—J. M. Ross, Hakalau, Hawaii, T.H., U.S.A.

THE PRINCE AND THE BRONCHOS.—Whilst in Saskatoon, which is forty miles from here, a Wild West show was staged for the benefit of the Prince, and, being such a change from the usual run of ceremonies, presentations, etc., the Prince enjoyed it immensely ; he left his seat and mounted one of the bronchos, and rode around the grounds followed by an admiring bunch of mounted cow-boys and cow-girls ; it is possible that pictures of this will appear in the English papers, but I hope that they will not emulate a States paper, which stated that the Prince mounted a wild range horse and rode him to a standstill in front of an admiring crowd of 20,000 people. I am afraid that some of our staid stay-at-homes would be shocked to think that the Prince could be so undignified. Some three years ago, when Prince Erik of Denmark was staying in Western Canada, I met him, first in a business way, and afterwards as an acquaintance, like hundreds of others, I might add ; and from one or two conversations with Prince Erik I came to appreciate that the life of a prince, especially an heir apparent, is far from a pleasant one. I know that Prince Erik liked Canada immensely, and he was not at all anxious to return to Denmark.—W. E. G. Nichols, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Vonda, Sask., Canada.

The Prince of Wales astride a mustang talking to the Cowboys in the "Wild West."

BETWEEN BASRA AND BAGDAD.—I have the honour to forward this application to be proposed a Member of your Club. I am a marine engineer in the employ of the above-named company trading on the river Tigris between Basra and Bagdad.—R. A. Parker, The Euphrates and Tigris Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Busreh, Turkey-in-Asia.

OVERSEAS

THE CROWN AS CONNECTING LINK. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's article in "Overseas" number for September regarding the Prince of Wales is rather outspoken with regard to the possibility of England becoming a republic, with but a very mild expression of disapproval of that notion. Now I wish to put forth an expression of opinion of an overseas Member. The King is the central link which connects and binds all parts of the Empire in one. A change of our system of Government would be the ruin, absolute and irretrievable, of the British Empire. Can any sane man suppose that the component parts of the Empire could be held together by a President or a Parliament? It would not merely be the destruction of the Empire, but would also be, for the world at large, a disaster greater than the late War. At present the British Empire stands as the most potent influence for promoting world peace, order, and prosperity. If it should cease to exist there would be no power on earth which could exercise such influence, by peaceable methods or by force.—E. M. Chadwick, K.C., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto, Ont., Canada. **The Overseas Forum**

RE LONDON SQUARES.—On reading your monthly letter of July, I was glad to see that some one has taken up the matter of throwing open the London squares for the children.

I can remember when I was in London, on my way to Scotland in the summer of 1910, I had occasion to go and visit the mother and sister of a friend out here. They lived in the vicinity of Nevern Square, and as I had not advised them of my intended visit, they were not at home, so I had to wait some time before I could get a train back to Russell Square. I had both my children with me, my little girlie, two and a half years old, and a boy, nine, and they kept asking me why we did not go into the park to wait; and I could not persuade them that the gardens in the squares of London are not open to the general public.

Here we are so much in the habit of going into the park to wait for friends, or else to rest when out shopping; and, living as we do out here practically in the open air all the time, we cannot stand being shut up on a bright summer's day.

My praise to the ladies that are trying to get the gardens open, and I hope that the next time I go to London I may be able to sit in the gardens and read a book when I don't feel like sight-seeing.—Mrs. John Gillies, c/o Messrs. Tracey Bros., Barranquilla, Colombia, S. America.

[*Mrs. Gillies' remarks were occasioned by a paragraph I wrote in our July issue urging the desirability of throwing open London squares to all comers.—E. W.*]

To Distant Friends

1919.

To the Empire's farthest outpost,
Where a lonely heart may sigh
For the good old Christmas greeting,
As in days now long gone by:
From each to each we send it
On ev'ry wand'ring breeze,
To our known and unknown comrades,
Fellow Members Overseas.

F. K. P.,
British Columbia.

An Imperial Exchange of Teachers

How the League of Empire is helping to organise the migration of teachers throughout the Empire for purpose of study.

An Imperial Exchange of Teachers.

THE question of interchange of teachers throughout the British Empire was first seriously considered at an Imperial Conference of Teachers' Associations convened by the League of the Empire in 1912. Difficulties as to the grading of certificates seemed at first a barrier to any free interchange between the different education services, and the question of an Empire certificate or diploma of recognised standard and of definite value in every State and Colony of the British Dominions was advocated.

Many teachers have, of course, independently made their way overseas and taken up work in other countries of the Empire, but the first definite step towards organised migration for purpose of study and experience was taken at the instance of the League by the London County Council in 1915, when a resolution was passed entitling the League to recommend to the Council's service twenty teachers yearly from Canada for the period of one year at the salary paid by the Council to their "supply" teachers.

The War, which stopped all ordinary interchange, brought to the Mother Country a much larger number of men teachers than might otherwise have visited England during many decades. Thousands of teachers through the War obtained a free passage "home," and not a few availed themselves of opportunities for study. Some sixty Australian teachers attended special courses at the London Day Training College, many went to universities and summer schools and the League's conferences, and a large number of men entered the London County Council Education Service for long or short periods ; some doing simple observation work, others teaching in the schools.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the advantages to be derived by English teachers visiting the overseas dominions, or by overseas teachers coming to the Mother Country. They are obvious. Nothing could be more helpful to a London teacher than to bring back the fresh inspiration of a new country, and teachers from the overseas dominions find in the traditions of the Mother Country a vivid realisation of the reality and value of their historic heritage.

Now that times are normal, interchange is again practicable. With the guarantee of employment the question of expense is narrowed down only to the cost of the voyage to and fro.

Arrangements with certain overseas education departments are already complete, and we shall be glad to hear from any teachers wishing to take part in the scheme. Address, Mrs. Ord Marshall, League of the Empire, Over-Seas Club, London.

[The Object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. Members have the free service of this Department at their disposal, and genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed and suggestions invited. The enquiries we have received during the past month are printed below. Owing to lack of space we are not printing the names of the firms with which we have put our enquirers in touch. Any Member requiring these can have them by writing direct to the Overseas Trade Bureau.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

ROLLING STOCK FOR GREECE.—"There is a very great shortage of rolling stock in Greece, the principal shortage being in freight waggons of about ten tons, metre gauge."—Enquiry 788, Athens.

METAL SPINNING IN BRASS.—"I am anxious to get into touch with a firm which can undertake light metal spinning in brass. So far we have had great difficulty in finding any one who would do the class of work required."—Enquiry 798, London, E.C.

DREDGERS FOR GREECE.—"The Harbour Board here are making enquiries for a bucket dredger, that is to say, an excavating dredger for deepening the harbour, the bed of which consists of stiff clay. Any trade circulars or enquiries may be made in English."—Enquiry 789, Patras.

TIN PLATES, GALVANISED SHEETS AND IRON WORK.—"I am anxious to get into touch with manufacturers of tin plates, galvanised sheets and ironwork with a view to obtaining their agency for the Spanish market. I have had many years' experience."—Enquiry 786, Huelva, Spain.

PRECIOUS STONES, ETC.—"Would you kindly put me in communication with firms which would be buyers for (a) Uranium ores and earths, (b) Uncut precious stones, especially Beryls, (c) Graphite (plumbago)?"—Enquiry 801, Madagascar.

SHIPPING AGENTS.—"Would you put me in touch with a firm of shipping agents with whom I could transact business through the Bank system?"—Enquiry 794, Liberia, Africa.

CONFECTIONERY.—"I am anxious to get into touch with confectionery manufacturers with a view to representing them in Malta."—Enquiry 795, Malta.

CLOTHING.—"I shall be grateful if you would forward me the names and addresses of manufacturers dealing in the following lines:—(a) shirts and collars; (b) underwear; (c) ready-made clothing for men and boys: (d) footwear for ladies, men, girls and boys."—Enquiry 797, Morocco.

Overseas Trade Bureau.

MILLINERY REQUISITES.—"We are anxious to get into touch with a wholesale firm supplying millinery requisites, straw plaits, ribbons, materials for manufacturing various kinds of hats, ornaments, etc. Would you kindly ask a manufacturer of same to send us samples and wholesale trade prices?"—Enquiry 799, Cyprus.

BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE FOR HAVANA.—"There is a movement on foot in Havana to form a British Chamber of Commerce, and one of the gentlemen interested in the project has approached me asking me if I could obtain from you a copy or copies of the rules and regulations of one or more British Chambers of Commerce in order to have some guide on which to found the one projected in Havana. The British Club has formed a trade committee in order to help British business here in the island of Cuba, but this committee seems to be only a beginning, as it appears not quite comprehensive enough, and it is not very active so far."—Enquiry 809, Havana, Cuba.

MOTOR JOURNALS.—"Will you kindly put me in touch with the best motor journals? I want one or two that would carry information to English factories doing business out here or who are likely to establish branches in Canada."—Enquiry 810, Alberta, Canada.

BRITISH DYE MANUFACTURERS.—"I wish to get into touch with manufacturers of British dyes. There is a very large demand for dyes in this part of the world; 90 per cent. was held by Germans, and the Americans are cutting into it in leaps and bounds."—Enquiry 811, China.

CHEMICAL MANURES.—"Could you let me know the imports of chemical manures into Ceylon for the years 1912–1913, and 1913–1914? Also I would like the imports of calcide of calcium for the same periods."—Enquiry 804, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

FISH CURER.—"Will you kindly put me in touch with a fish curer?"—Enquiry 813, Gibraltar.

TEA-POTS.—"Would you put me in touch with firms manufacturing little brown tea-pots, which are little seen out here? There is a considerable British population in California, and quite a demand in the ironmongers' shops for a good, serviceable crockery tea-pot."—Enquiry 814, California, U.S.A.

CHINA CLAY.—"I am anxious to start the preparation of China clay from large beds of clay out here, and would like to know what machinery is necessary, and the estimated cost of a small plant."—Enquiry 815, S. India.

STATIONERY, CUTLERY, ETC.—"Could you give me the names of manufacturers of the following articles: (a) Stationery; (b) Cutlery; (c) Furniture; (d) Wallpaper; (e) Distemper; (f) Matches; (g) Toys?"—Enquiry 769, Weston-super-Mare.

PAPER AND GLASS MANUFACTURERS.—"I should be obliged if you would give me the names of manufacturers of paper and glass."—Enquiry 780, Weston-super-Mare.

TOYS, FANCY GOODS, ETC.—"Could you supply me with the names of firms dealing in: (a) Toys; (b) Scents; (c) Seeds; (d) Soaps; (e) Fancy Goods; (f) Agricultural Implements; (g) Blankets; (h) Boot polish?"—Enquiry 781, S.W. 1.

FANCY GOODS, ETC.—"Could you give me the names of any British firms that deal in silks, fancy goods, ready-made clothing?"—Enquiry 766, Cornwall.

OVERSEAS

Empire Building: The Work of Our Comrades' Correspondence Branch

(Comrades' Correspondence Branch, League of the Empire)

Empire Building: The Work of Our Comrades' Correspondence Branch.

WOULD you be a true citizen of the British Empire you certainly must learn all about it. And you must offer free service, not only learning the bare details of its history in your schools, but you must use all your endeavour to touch the heart springs of the Empire by coming into touch with the life and ideals of your brothers overseas.

This is what an old Member of the League says about it :— "Yes, the Comrades' Correspondence Branch is a great thing. There are thousands in our family, and when we write and get to know each other, we get to understand and like one another ever so much more."

This month I give extracts from the letters of Australian comrades. The first is from a comrade who joined the Australian Navy at the outbreak of the War and was on the H.M.A.S. *Melbourne*, who, with her six destroyers, helped to conquer German New Guinea. This comrade writes that when "the little black boys saw the *Australia* and other cruisers coming to take German New Guinea they called out, although the German officers were then whacking them, 'English, he come! Now German, he finish!' and we did finish him. But just think of those little black boys trusting us like that. It shows you and I have to live up to our Navy's ideal." (The best of ideals for comrades to live up to.)

And now an extract about animals, seen on a day's holiday in Queensland. "One day," writes this comrade, "in the paddock with my dog we found a sand goanna. The goanna went for the nearest log and just as he was nearly in 'Nooke' grabbed his tail, and there was a 'scratch-pull' indeed! The goanna had his claws dug well into the log, but suddenly I saw Nooke go head over heels in the air, the tail of the goanna in his mouth, and a fine to-do there was. The same day I saw an emu stuck in a fence, but just as I got near he got out. He left a few feathers which I am wearing in my hat. There are hundreds of kangaroos up here; some big 'old men' too. I am sending you a few of my drawings."

So you see it is quite interesting as well as helpful to have a comrade. One will be waiting for you if you send your name and address to Mrs. Ord Marshall, League of the Empire, Over-Seas Club, London.

ROLLS ROYCE

THE HISTORY OF THE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC.

¶ The first crossing of the Atlantic was accomplished by Christopher Columbus in the year 1492. He completed the journey, Palos (in Spain) to San Salvador, in 41 days in the sailing ship "Santa Maria."

¶ The first steamship, without the use of sails, to cross the Atlantic was the "Sirius," which sailed from Cork on the 4th April, 1838, and arrived at New York 17 days later.

¶ The fastest trip ever made across the Atlantic by an Atlantic Liner was made by the "Mauretania" in September, 1909, from Queenstown to New York—the time taken between Fastnet Light and Ambrose Channel Light Vessel being 4 days, 10 hours, 41 minutes.

¶ **The first direct flight across the Atlantic was made on June 14th/15th, 1919, from St. John's, Newfoundland, to co. Galway in Ireland, by a Vickers "Vimy" type Aeroplane fitted with two Rolls-Royce 360 h.p. engines. The time taken was only 15 hours, 57 minutes.**

ROLLS-ROYCE AERO ENGINES, LIKE ROLLS-ROYCE CARS, ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED,

15, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W. 1.

OVERSEAS

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau

[*The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.*]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

WILL DAY, Ltd., of 19, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2, are one of the oldest firms of manufacturers of Cinematograph Projectors, and general Cinema Appliances. They need agents in every part of the Colonies for many new lines they are making, including a really first-class projector.

OPEN-AIR EMPLOYMENT.—Employment in the Dominions. Young man, age 26, civil servant, wishes to exchange correspondence with a view to obtaining open-air employment, preferably in British Columbia, New Zealand or Australia. Write direct to Mr. W. H. Mackay, Assistant Collector of Customs, Limassol, Cyprus.—*E. B. 827, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SECRETARY.—Lady, young, wishes to obtain a position as secretary or companion in a warm, dry climate. South Africa or Egypt preferred. Has had experience as cashier in hotel and club, also secretary to physician. Excellent testimonials.—*E. B. 867, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

TEACHER.—Trained certificated teacher seeks employment. English, French, German, Spanish. Piano (A.L.C.M.), Harmony, Violin (elementary), Mandoline, Guitar. Resident, or would give private lessons in locality where such teaching is required. American city preferred. Excellent references.—*E. B. 868, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

POSITION IN MOTOR FIRM.—Englishman recently demobilised from Royal Engineers wishes to find position in motor firm either in Brazil or Argentine; knows the language and the country. Now acting as motor mechanic with firm. Wishes to get abroad. Highest references. Age 35. Married. One child. Government will pay passages.—*E. B. 869, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

OVERSEER.—Position desired as overseer or assistant on tea, coffee, rubber, cocoanut or sugar plantation, preferably in the West. Recently demobilised from Army; was previously employed in well-known foreign bank. Age 20. Single. Excellent health and energetic. Would some Member happening to know of a suitable opening kindly oblige?—*E. B. 870, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

APPOINTMENT ON PLANTATION.—Gentleman, age 26, late Devons and Black Watch, good social standing, appeals for appointment on plantation or as accountant. Thorough knowledge and good experience of accountancy. Would welcome any good appointment. India preferred. Hindustani and knowledge of other Indian tongues. Used to tropical climate.—*E. B. 871, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

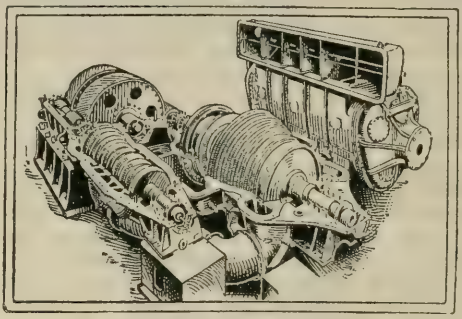
SECRETARY OR ORGANISER.—Demobilised officer desires position as secretary or organiser in a firm trading with the Dominions. Experience :—University education. Four and a half years' service. Pilot Flying Corps. Late Missing officer. Present taking business course at the London University. Age 26. Married. Willing to go anywhere. Excellent testimonials.—*E. B. 866, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

(Continued on p. 99.)

VICKERS
LIMITED

WARSHIPS. COMMERCIAL SHIPS. MAIL & PASSENGER STEAMERS.

Guns and their Mountings. Armour Plates.
Icebreakers, Dredgers, and other Special Craft.
Floating Docks and Cranes. Aircraft.
Marine Engines of all descriptions, including Turbine and Heavy Oil Engines. Large Gas Engines.



Turbines, with gears, from 2,000 to 30,000 S.H.P.

Railway Material, Electrical Plant, Train Lighting, Drop Stampings and Forgings, Steel Tubes, Gauge Plates, "Duralumin" (Regd. Trade Mark), Engineers' Small Tools, Sewing Machines, Magnetos, Motor Cars.

Works:	*Head Offices:*	*Works:*
Barrow-in-Furness.	**Vickers House,**	**Birmingham.**
Sheffield.	**Broadway,**	**Dartford.**
Erith.	**LONDON, S.W. 1.**	**Crayford.**
Ipswich.		**Weybridge.**

All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

A. W. WEBB, Homestay, 30, Finchley Lane, Hendon, London, N.W. 4, wishes to exchange stamps, British Colonials preferred. Could send Russian and Finnish in exchange. Would purchase stamps.

A. C. Noronha, Messrs. Gregory & Co., Murree, India, wanted to exchange used and unused postage stamps with collectors all over the United Kingdom. Register sendings.

P. F. Garford, P. O. Holpan, Dist. Barkly West, S. Africa.—"I will be pleased to exchange postcards and correspond with Members all over the world, and also I would be glad if Members all over the world would send me stamps as I have just commenced collecting. I have very few duplicates, but I shall be very pleased to send sets of Union stamps in return."

Miss C. C. Brady, Villa Olga, Cap d'Antibes, A.M., France.—"I should like to exchange stamps with a Member in Malta, Cyprus, Palestine, or Egypt."

N. A. Jacobson, P. O. N'dola, N. Rhodesia, S. Africa.—"Could you put me in touch with a few professional hunters in different countries with a view to exchanging methods in trapping game? N. Rhodesia not included."

G. Hardy Humphreys, 200, Park Street, West Brunswick, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.—"I wish to exchange stamps with other Members from all parts of the world. I am specialising in New Zealand and N. W. Pacific Islands and I would be pleased to receive parcels of stamps from non-collectors on a cash or other basis."

F. F. Wills, 326, Duckworth Street, St. Johns, Newfoundland, Ref. Canadian Bank of Commerce, St. Johns.—"Newfoundland new issue of stamps, complete set of twelve varieties, unused, for 10s., post free (registered) to any part of the world. Cash with order."

Lieut. Albert Gray, The Rifle Brigade, "Staff," Demob. Camp, Kantara, Egypt.—"I would like Members in British Colonies to send me a few stamps of their country."

N. C. Hunt, 36, Pender Street, Suva, Fiji.—"I am a keen stamp collector, and would like to receive stamps on approval from all parts of the world. My collection numbers something like 15,000 to 20,000 stamps from all parts of the world. I will be pleased to send Island stamps in exchange, such as Fijian, Tongan or Samoan or Colonial, British or foreign. My special hobby is philately, Basis Gibbons or Whitfield King. I also go in for photography if any Members are interested."

Miss M. Ledovree, c/o Vacuum Oil Company, Room 1706, 61, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.—"Is there any one who would correspond with me from Australia, New Zealand or South Africa and exchange snapshots I have taken of U.S.A., Mexico and South America? I should be delighted to give any information I know regarding this Continent."

CARDBOARD

WE do not make paper, although the title "Thames Paper Company" might suggest it. We do, however, make Paper Boards, and for a number of years have specialised in this material. Specialisation is the road to increased production; increased production is the path to national wealth. By confining our attention entirely to the production of Paper Boards we are better able to meet the growing demand for this commodity, which is now put to such a large variety of uses. However, those who use Board as a raw material—Printers, Box-makers, and others—are invited to write us for samples and quotations of our product.

THAMES PAPER Co., Ld.,

Purfleet, England.

Members' Exchange.

G. W. Davison, c/o Messrs. Armstrong, Ledlie & Stillman, Cairns, North Queensland, Australia.—"I am now only short of Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 14, and would be glad to buy them from any Members having duplicate copies."

London Member (woman) would like some really interesting correspondence with Members abroad. F. W., c/o Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

John G. Protopappas, Poste Restante, Port Said, Egypt.—"I am very desirous to correspond with any Member in all parts of the world, and give whatever information required."

Miss Marguerite Sharp, 2414, East First Street, Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A., would like to correspond with Britishers in all parts of the world with a view to exchanging war posters used by different countries during the War. Also interested in stamp collecting and snapshots.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU (concluded from p. 95).

An Englishman owning a good acre improved stock ranch in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, would like to interest a congenial partner who is fond of shooting and outdoor life. Opportunity for very good returns on all money invested, $2,000 will command half interest. Full information and references exchanged.—F. R. B., c/o Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

CLERK OR STOREKEEPER.—Ex-service man is anxious to secure employment in India, either as storekeeper or clerk. Can drive motors, and can also ride. Has had previous experience as storeman in accumulator works. Knowledge of Hindustani and French. Age 30. Married. —*E.B. 757, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMERCIAL POST WANTED.—Clerk, age 19, desires position in large factory or house in China, Japan, India, or Australia. Languages, English and Portuguese. Book-keeping and typewriting. Three years' experience as correspondence and insurance clerk in Madeira. Good references. Apply, Albert Ferreira, Waterloo Street, Lot 179, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana, South America.—*E. B. 860, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

TEA PLANTING.—Young man, in good health, age 24, desires position abroad on tea plantation, or something similar. Right arm slightly disabled through wound received whilst serving in H.M. Navy.—*E. B. 859, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

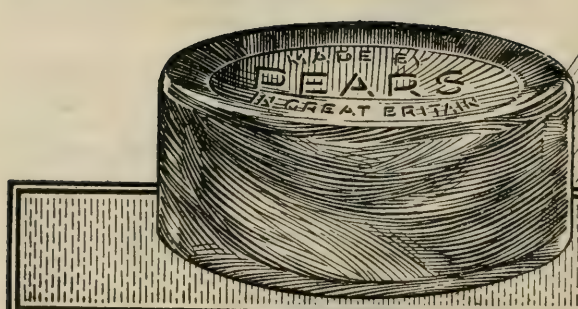
TRAVELLER.—Traveller, nine years resident in Portugal, speaking fluently Portuguese, Spanish, and a little French, with wide commercial knowledge, is desirous of obtaining situation as traveller for British firm to Spain, Portugal, Brazil, or Spanish South America.—*E. B. 861, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ENGINEERING IN AFRICA.—R.E. Officer, M.C. single, 29, shortly to be demobilised, desires job abroad. Africa preferred. University engineering degree. Military engineering experience in road making, concrete, water supplies, etc., but not much civil experience. Over four years' active service. Hard worker. Health good. Good references.—*E. B. 863, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SECRETARIAL.—Disabled officer, son of a General officer. Age 43. Married. Three children. Temporary pension, £87 10s. Invalided out September, 1917. Seeks any employment. Understands foreign exchange, book-keeping, and general office routine. Good organiser. Secretary. Fluent French and German. Used to public speaking. (National Union.)—*E. B. 864, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

Pears

The Magic of Pears lies in its own transparent purity. That is why it is Matchless for the Complexion



OVERSEAS

From Darkness to Light

From Darkness to Light.

HRISTMAS—the time of gladness and festivity—is once more with us, and this year we can celebrate it in the true spirit, for there is peace in the land. In the midst of our rejoicings, however, we must not forget those whose lot is a more grievous one than our own, and amongst others we think of those who sit in perpetual darkness. You who read this and are able to enjoy all the wonders of the changing seasons, the treasures of art, the company of books, will appreciate the work of an establishment which is endeavouring to bring as many joys as possible within the grasp of the sightless. The activities of the National Institute for the Blind are too varied to be adequately described in so small a compass, but we would like to enumerate a few of them. One of the most important of the Institute's departments is that which is engaged in the production of books in embossed type. The Institute is responsible for the greater part of the books and pamphlets printed in Braille and Moon types in English in the world. Then there is the Massage Department, which provides for the training in that science of both men and women, and contains all the most up-to-date apparatus and a fine library of medico-scientific books for the use of students. The Home Teaching Branch supplies blind people in their own homes with visitors who also give instruction in Braille reading and writing. Then there is "Sunshine House"—a true home of sunshine for little blind babies—"The Cedars," a mansion which is to be devoted to the higher education of blind women and girls, as well as various convalescent homes for our blinded soldiers and sailors, to say nothing of the After-Care Branch, which undertakes to look after these men for the whole of their lives. In addition, there is the After-Care Department, which deals with the blind civilian population, also a hostel for blind women workers. Attention must also be called to the output of Braille music, and the manufacture and sale of games specially adapted to the use of the blind.

Lack of space prevents us mentioning more details of the work of the National Institute for the Blind, but we think that enough has been said to indicate the comprehensiveness of that work. Truly the Institute may be said to constitute a little world of its own—a world of countless activities, where many of the workers themselves are blind.

(*You* can help to bring light to those who are condemned to sit in darkness by sending a little contribution to

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND,
224-6-8, Great Portland Street,
London, W. 1.)

DISTINCTIVE PRINTING IN ALL LANGUAGES

INTELLIGENCE SHOWN IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

WE are known to most of the Members of the Over-Seas Club as the printers of "OVERSEAS." As we should like to become more closely associated with Members who are requiring good printing at a reasonable price, we purpose telling those who are interested something more of our service. Briefly, we are well equipped with

A Fine Selection of Type,
Up-to-date Machinery,
First-class Craftsmen,
Reliable Translating Department, &
Expert Supervision throughout.

We specialise in the production of Books, Magazines, Catalogues, etc., three or four-colour work and Bookbinding in all styles.

Examples of our work are to be found in all quarters of the Globe, a noteworthy example being the important Series of Export Catalogues known as the "British Standard Exporter." Clients at home or abroad requiring attractive printing (*something that will serve as a good salesman*) for the use of English or Foreign peoples, cannot do better than place their orders with

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STEWART ROME

—one of the most popular—

British Film Artistes

and a type of Britisher you would be proud to see on the screen.

Ask to see him in the splendid ——————sporting pictures——————

"A GENTLEMAN RIDER"

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The LIONEL PHILLIPS Co.

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SOULS AND CITIZENS.

During the feverish stress of munition-making it was recognised that, even as a producer, man is only at his best when treated as a sentient "human"; and to-day, the Welfare Department, with its trained Supervisor, is an established feature of all big, up-to-date factories, workshops and construction camps.

The Salvation Army is the accredited agency for looking after the worker in the

BY-WAYS OF INDUSTRY

and in the rough and tumble of life. Its Officers—big, warm-hearted, human Brothers—nurture the weak, counsel the strong, care for the ailing, fortify the tempted, and lift up the fallen. Its Women—patient, tender-hearted, human Sisters—penetrate into the people's homes, encouraging the women-folk, gladdening the children, brightening the fireside, and helping to banish sickness and worry.

The Salvationist believes that

EVERY CITIZEN IS A SOUL,

and, himself imbued with a keen civic sense, endeavours out of every Soul to train a Citizen. He looks after the "throw-outs" of the industrial machine, and labours to restore their usefulness. Back of all his social impulses is the conviction that, given free scope, the Grace of God can "break the power of cancelled sin and set the prisoner free."

Please send a gift to-day to General Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4, and help the Salvation Army in its world-wide crusade of regeneration and social uplift.

Faith

CHARING ✠ HOSPITAL

Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Hope

All our Overseas kinsmen know our Hospital. We appeal to them to help keep us going in our work. Do remember us at Christmas, and come and see us when home, not as patients, as so many have to, but as visitors and friends.

&

Charity

Paralysed through the War.

How JACK or TOMMY, lying helpless in Hospital, would love a visit at Christmas from his

FATHER, MOTHER, WIFE, CHILD or FRIEND,

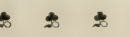
Many of whom live too far away to be able to afford the expense of the journey.

Who will add to their joy on our first

PEACE CHRISTMAS

by giving him such happiness, and providing

EXTRA COMFORTS FOR THE SEASON?

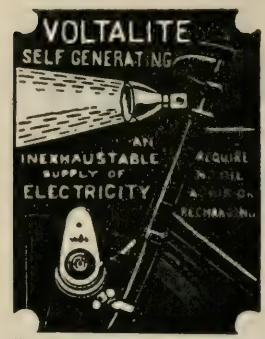


DONATIONS for this purpose are URGENTLY NEEDED by

THE ROYAL SAVOY ASSOCIATION FOR THE RELIEF OF PARALYSED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1917).

REV. HUGH B. CHAPMAN, Founder,
7, Savoy Hill, London, W.C. 2.



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SELF-GENERATING ELECTRIC CYCLE LIGHTING SET.

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No Acid, Oil or Re-charging necessary.
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The "Voltalite" consists of a miniature but highly efficient self-regulating magneto generator which is attached to the front forks of the cycle and is driven by a small rubber-tyred wheel which works on the rim and adapts itself automatically to any unevenness of the wheel.

V. 2. **Head Lamp Set.** Complete with generator, lamp, metal filament bulb and cord. Post Paid 37/6

V. 6. **Head and Rear Lamp Set.** Complete (illuminating a brilliant light at head, and a red light at rear), bulbs, cords and generator. Post Paid 42/6

De Luxe quality Sets of above, 10s. extra.

Mr. D. McCARTER, British Columbia, Canada:—"I have found this a splendid lamp, far superior to the old-fashioned acetylene lamps."
Mr. P. V. RUSSELL, Gt. Worcester, S. Africa:—"The Voltalite has stood some severe tests, and I must say it is the best on the market."

Ward & Goldstone
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Cares for Blind Soldiers.

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Blind Men and Women.

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Blind Men and Women.

PROVIDES CLOTHING for the Blind.

Blinded Soldiers in the Lounge, Worthing.

PLEASE HELP US!

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EMIGRATION COLONISATION OFFICE.
World-wide organisation. Passages booked to and from all parts.
Advice about the Dominion.
Correspondence invited. Address: Commissioner D. C. LAMB, THE SALVATION ARMY, HEAD OFFICE, 122, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA,

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

Finest Situation in the Island. *Terms from* **10/-** *per day.*

Q.W.R.

It has been decided to raise a Fund in Memory of those of the QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER RIFLES who fell in the War.

OBJECTS IN BRIEF.

1. To erect a permanent memorial.
2. To provide a fund to help dependents of members.
3. To help members to restart in civil life.

Every effort has been made to send full particulars to all likely to be interested, but any who have not yet received particulars are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

Q.W.R. War Memorial Fund,
58, Buckingham Gate, S.W. 1,

to whom donations should be sent.

The "Arethusa" Training Ship

and Shaftesbury Homes at Bisley, Twickenham, Sudbury, Ealing, etc.

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Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
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Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
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A Happy New Year

to

All the Overseas Friends

of

King's College Hospital

London, S.E. 5.

"The Times" (French Supplement), dated 6th Sept., 1919, says: "The 'Ada Leigh' Homes are doing most useful public work."

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN

"ADA LEIGH" HOMES IN PARIS.

Founded 1872. Incorporated 1876.
CHURCH HOUSE, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.
Patrons: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

The Struggle for Existence in Paris. A PLEA FOR HELP.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING IN PARIS since 1914 is in excess of 400 per cent.
"Paris, like other great centres, is overflowing. Girls arrive here and, finding no accommodation, are left stranded on the streets in circumstances of extreme danger. A girl cannot live on less than 500 francs per month."
GIRLS ON THE CONTINENT IN DISTRESS ARE CARED FOR BY THIS ASSOCIATION, situations, without cost, being found for such, and they are tided over difficulties—27,843 residents and 12,990 situations found, since foundation.
Secretary—GRAHAM SHEFFIELD, Esq.

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FOUNDED JANUARY, 1895.

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The Navy League appeals for financial support to enable it to develop the propagandist and educational work upon which it is now engaged in relation to the spreading of the knowledge of Sea-Power and its uses in peace as well as in war-time. Sea supremacy has been and must always remain the basic foundation on which the security of the Empire rests.

JOIN THE NAVY LEAGUE!

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—	£	s.	d
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Member with *The Navy*, post free ...		5	0
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"THE NAVY," the official mouthpiece of the organisation, is sent free to every Member subscribing annually 5/- and upwards.

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We offer our services to residents abroad for the purchase and shipment of any goods they may require from Great Britain.

We are in constant touch with the leading manufacturers, and can secure the lowest possible prices and best discounts.

We are also able to secure for our clients abroad, Sole Agencies for important British Manufacturers.

If you have no representatives here it would be to your advantage to communicate with us.

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England.
By H. Moore Jones, A.N.Z.A.C.

HELP THE SICK CHILD TO ITS SPRING OF LIFE.

Make a CHRISTMAS GIFT to

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY LITTLE CHILDREN

on the Waiting List at

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN,
GREAT ORMOND STREET,

by Helping to Endow

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL CITY
IN THE COUNTRY.

SEND A DONATION TO-DAY
TO
The LORD ABERDARE,
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Nowhere in the Empire will the new-comer with farming experience find a field of richer promise. Prosperous, fertile farms are everywhere the rule, and here the farmer has all the social, educational, and marketing advantages of a well-settled, highly organized, and intensely British community. For particulars apply to :—

THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR ONTARIO, 163, Strand, W.C. 2.

SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE.—That British Firms are awake to the necessity for making special efforts to secure South American Trade was illustrated by Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth entertaining the Chilean Mission, and affording it an opportunity of seeing the wonderful work of reconstruction that has been carried out at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TRAINING THE SAPLING.—Dr. Barnardo's Homes have issued a very interesting little booklet entitled "Training the Sapling." This fine institution is looking after the welfare of over 7,000 young people. Copies of the pamphlet can be obtained on application to the Hon. Director, Wm. Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., 18 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1, England.

You Can Live { ***13 days without Food.*** ***3 days without Water.*** ***Only 3 minutes without Air.***

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910

for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example:–

Chas. Hyatt-Woolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., *in his work, "Truths About Things We Live On and Daily Use," says: "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice . . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."*

Reduced fac-simile of original package Refuse all imitations & substitutes

Never Touched by Hand.

The manufacture of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is conducted under the most hygienic conditions, supervised by trained pharmacists, and the product is never touched by human hands.

Liquid or Pastilles.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is prepared as a liquid medicine, and also in the form of pastilles, the latter being packed in hermetically-sealed tins, which are always handy for use.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure It is sold by Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock he will get it for you.

English Prices, 1/3 & 3/-

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

The Merchant Service

Gets but little of the bounteous offerings sent home by Patriotic Britons Overseas for War Charities.

The "jugular vein of the Nation" and the "weaver of the web of Empire" badly wants help of this kind.

An urgent appeal is, therefore, made for contributions to

The Fryatt Memorial Fund.

Patrons:—Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, Admiral Sir David Beatty and others.

This Fund is doing excellent work in alleviating suffering and distress amongst Officers of the Merchant Service and their dependents, and maintaining and educating their children where necessitous circumstances exist. It is the only Fund of its kind in existence and is akin to the "Officers' Families Fund," which does such grand work for the Officers of the Navy and Army, but does not cover the Merchant Service.

So far the sum of £9,000 only has been raised. The result is that many demands on the Fund cannot be met.

Contributions will be most gratefully received by :—

HON. LIEUT. T. W. MOORE, M.B.E., R.N.R.,
Imperial Merchant Service Guild,
The Arcade, LIVERPOOL.

CITIZENSHIP.

The TRAINED BOY of to-day is

A NATIONAL ASSET.

Nearly a quarter of a million members and ex-members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

(King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets)

Have served in H.M. Forces in the Great War.

No less than 16 Victoria Crosses and over 400 other Distinctions

have been gained by members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

PATRIOTISM.

Will you help the Church Lads' Brigade to continue its great work for the Empire and the Religious, Moral, and Physical Welfare of "our men of a few years hence"?

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Rev. EDGAR ROGERS, M.A., Church Lads' Brigade, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

The Veterans' Association.

Patron: ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY, G.C.B., K.C.V.O.

£1,000,000

required for Demobilised Naval & Military Heroes.

1. To establish and endow the Veterans' Club as Permanent Headquarters with 1,000 Beds.
2. To establish a Convalescent Home in connection with the Scheme for those whose wounds or sickness necessitate treatment after returning to civil life, and for those who are incapacitated after many years' service with the Colours.

Contributions should be addressed to :—
THE SECRETARY, Veterans' Association,
47, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1,
England.

Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUTS FOR BRITISH TROOPS OVERSEAS.

Sub-Committee :

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Hon. Secretary: LADY MALCOLM, M.B.E.

Hon. Treasurer: MR. BARNARD COWTAN.

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The Lady Elizabeth Dawson,
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Miss Moore (Y.W.C.A.).
Corisande, Lady Rodney, C.B.E.
Mrs. Lutley Sclater, C.B.E., R.R.C.
Mrs. Henry Webley.
Sir John Prescott Hewett, G.C.S.I., C.I.E., K.B.E.
John Rawlinson, Esq., K.C., M.P.
Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E. (of the Y.M.C.A.).

The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee, of which Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria is President, and Lady Malcolm Hon. Secretary, are doing a most valuable work amongst the soldiers overseas. Since the commencement of the War, they have sent out more than 1,400 ladies, who have given their services voluntarily, to serve in the Huts in France, Germany, Belgium, Malta, Egypt, etc. These ladies have assisted by serving refreshments, organising games among the men, helping them with their letters, giving them sympathy and encouragement, teaching them languages, and in many ways ministering to the comfort of the soldiers. The work the Y.M.C.A. ladies have done in the Hostels for the relatives of sick and wounded in France has been of the greatest value, and still calls for sympathy and support in the Hospital centres.

A Special Appeal is made for Games of all kinds, and Gramophones and Records for the Troops.

VOLUNTARY LADY WORKERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Recreation Huts Overseas, 10, Russell Square, W.C. 1.

Note.—Owing to the demobilization of the Troops generally, and particularly in France, it was considered advisable by the Committee of the Recreation Huts at the Base Camps in France, that their work should now be recognized as for the Recreation Huts for British Troops Overseas.

THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

STAR AND GARTER HOME

FOR

DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS

THE Star & Garter Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers, Richmond, England, has been established by the British Red Cross Society, under the patronage of H.M. the Queen, as a permanent memorial of the Great War. On the site of the old Star & Garter Hotel, of famous memory, a noble building is being erected, to accommodate about 160 men. In the meantime the Annexe of the Hotel was opened, in January, 1916, as a temporary Hospital for Sailors and Soldiers paralysed by wounds, since when nearly 200 patients have been admitted.

A Branch of the Star & Garter will also be founded at the seaside, to promote the health and welfare of the patients. The help of our kinsmen overseas towards the Building Fund will be warmly welcomed.

Address all subscriptions to:

THE SECRETARY, STAR & GARTER COMMITTEE,
83, Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1

The KING'S FUND

for Disabled Officers and Men, and for the Widows, Orphans, and Dependants of those who have fallen in the War.

Patron: HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

THE KING'S FUND helps disabled officers and men and nurses, and dependent relatives of the fallen, by making grants to start them in business, to proceed abroad on medical grounds, or to take up employment, to purchase stock, outfit, etc., and for a variety of other purposes. The primary object of the Fund is to provide each individual who is eligible with the means of adding to his or her earning power.

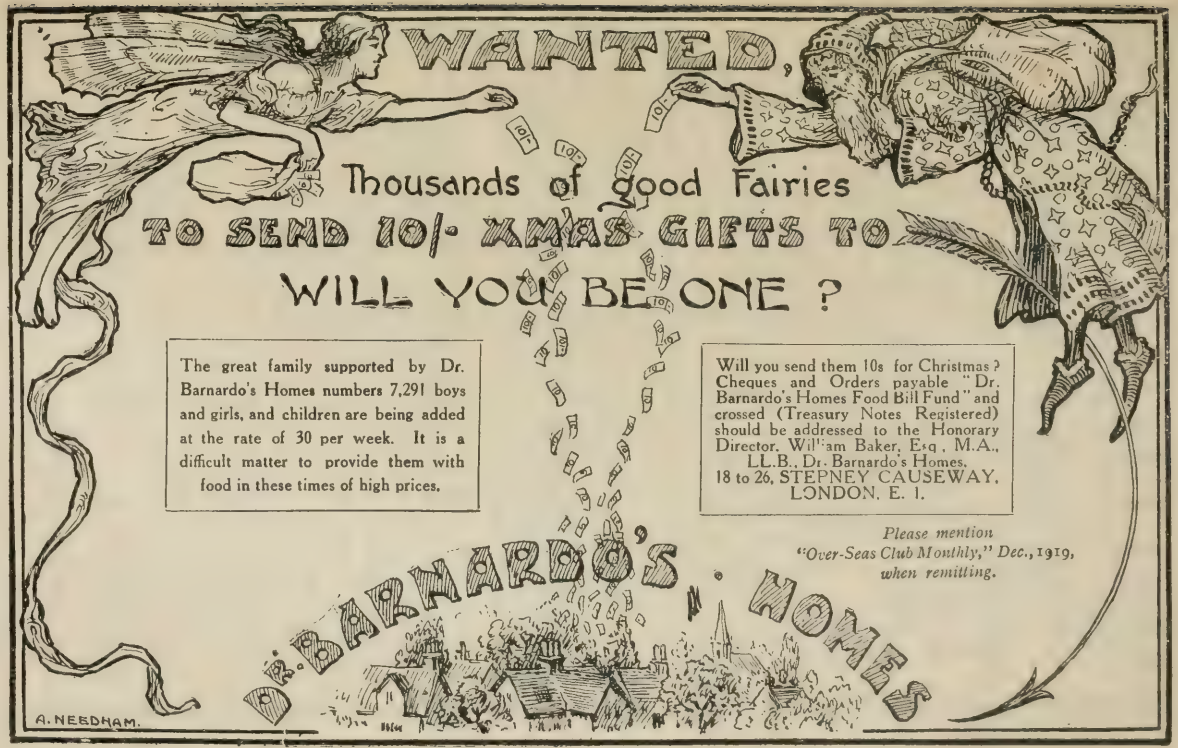
THE KING'S FUND is still active, and there is a constant call upon its resources. Up to November 15th, 1919, the total number of grants made by the Council was 30,484, amounting to £953,010.

THE KING'S FUND is administered by a Council of Trustees, who give careful and sympathetic consideration to each application.

Many thousands of beneficiaries have been enabled to make a new and successful start in life.

DONATIONS MAY BE SENT TO

The Treasurer, The King's Fund,
Millbank House, Millbank, LONDON, S.W. 1.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Will you send them 10s for Christmas? Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund" and crossed (Treasury Notes Registered) should be addressed to the Honorary Director, William Baker, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E. 1.
Please mention "Over-Seas Club Monthly," Dec., 1919, when remitting.
DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES
A. NEEDHAM.

MOTHERLESS

AND AT CHRISTMAS, TOO!

THE word means little to us, perhaps; we have grown up and can take care of ourselves; but to children of tender years it signifies one of life's greatest tragedies. Think back to your own childhood—cut out all you knew of love, friendship, comfort in trouble, soothing in sickness, counsel in difficulty—and you will understand what to be motherless means.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME exists to fill this gap in needy and afflicted children's lives. It is "Mother"—and "Father" too—to upwards of 3,000 little ones at the present time, and during the last fifty years has mothered many thousands more. It has seen them safely over the stony places of childhood and equipped them for the duties of citizenship. Many who came sick and ailing are to-day bonny and well. There is flesh on their bones, colour on their cheeks, laughter in their eyes.

In appealing to Britons Overseas for help, it is freely recognised that you also, in these critical times, have your increased responsibilities; but it is not just that the children should suffer: they are dependent on us and have no means of redress. Will you spare a mite, that these little ones—many of whom have already drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow—may not go short? Every contribution, whether large or small, will be gratefully received and faithfully applied.

Address, mentioning "Overseas," to The PRINCIPAL (Rev. W. Hodson Smith),

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104–122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

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(National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.)

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The case of the Blind and Limbless is well in hand.

LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

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and the *most practical way* of finding permanent employment for the men broken in the War is at the

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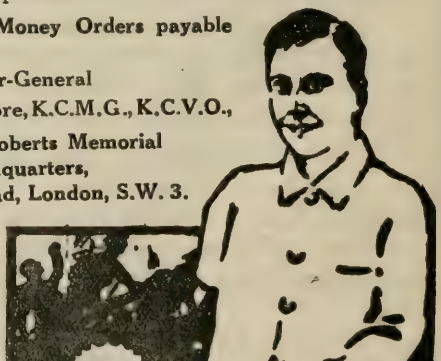
Major-General

The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O.,

The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,

122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.



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By sending a contribution to the National Institute for the Blind you may rest assured that your donation will go towards helping those who are so terribly handicapped by their blindness.

. . . . . .

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New lamps for old—blue eyes whose light had faded :
New lamps for old—brown eyes whose Fires are dead ;
Vain our desires their flames again to kindle,
As vain as every tear in pity shed !

New lamps for old—can we bring back the lustre
To eyes where blackest night must ever reign ?
New lamps for old—why cheat by empty phrases
The hopes of those who ne'er will see again ?

New lamps for old—behold those groping fingers,
The feet that falter on the unguessed way
The upturned face that feels the sweet sun's rapture
And only thus turns darkness into day.

New lamps for old—behind those vacant eyeballs
There lies a brain that has a thousand eyes,
That can be taught to see the hidden wonder
Which in an unseen world most surely lies.

New lamps for old—instead of pity, feeling,
Instead of tears, the minstrelsy of mirth,
And best of all a tender understanding
That lights anew the flame of sweet rebirth.

E. le B. M.

. . . . . .

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